

POEMS,

A N D

Translations.

B Y

Mr. O L D H A M.



L O N D O N:

Printed for *Joseph Hindmarsh*, at the
Golden-Ball in *Cornhill*. 1694.

POEMS

A N D

Translations

BY

M. O. L. D. H. A. M.

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Advertisement.

THE Author of the following Pieces must be excused for their being huddled out so confusedly. They are Printed just as he finished them off, and some things there are which he design'd not ever to expose, but was fain to do it, to keep the Press at work, when it was once set a going. If it be their Fate to perish, and go the way of all mortal Rhymes, 'tis no great matter in what method they have been plac'd, no more than whether *Ode*, *Elegy*, or *Satyr* have the honor of Wiping first. But if they, and what he has formerly made Publick, be so happy as to live, and come forth in an Edition all together; perhaps he may then think them worth the sorting in better Order. By that time belike he means to have ready a very Sparkish Dedication, if he can but get himself known to some Great Man, that

Advertisement.

will give a good parcel of Guinies for being handsomly flatter'd. Then likewise the Reader (for his farther comfort) may expect to see him appear with all the pomp and Trapings of an Author; his Head in the Front very finely cut, together with the Year of his Age, Commendatory Verses in abundance, and all the Hands of the Poets of *Quorum* to confirm his Book, and pass it for Authentick. This at present is contents to come abroad naked, Undedicated, and Unprefac'd, without one kind Word to shelter it from Censure; and so let the Criticks take it amongst them.

THE

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THE EIGHTH
SATYR
OF

Monsieur BOILEAU,

Imitated.

Written in October, 1682.

The POET brings himself in, as discursing with a Doctor of the University upon the Subject ensuing.

O Fall the Creatures in the world that be,
Beast, Fish, or Fowl, that go, or swim, or fly
Throughout the Globe from *London* to *Japan*,
The arrant'st Fool in my opinion's Man.

*What? (strait I'm taken up) an Ant, a Fly,
A tiny Mite, which we can hardly see*

B

Without

Without a Perspective, a silly Ass,

*Or freakish Ape? Dare you affirm, that these
Have greater sense than Man? Ay, questionless.*

Doctor, I find you're shock'd at this discourse:

Man is (you cry) Lord of the Universe;

For him was this fair frame of Nature made,

And all the Creatures for his use, and aid:

To him alone of all the living kind,

Has bounteous Hea'n the reasoning gift assign'd

True Sir, that Reason ever was his lot,

But thence I argue Man the greater Sort.

This idle talk (you say,) and rambling stuff

May pass in Satyr, and take well enough

With Sceptick Fools, who are dispos'd to jeer

At serious things: but you must mak't appear

By solid proof. Believe me, Sir, I'll do't:

Take you the Desk, and let's dispute it out.

Then by your favour, tell me first of all,

What'tis, which you grave Doctors Wisdom call?

You

You answer: 'Tis an evenness of Soul,
A steady temper, which no cares controul,
No passions ruffle, nor desires inflame,
Still constant to its self, and still the same,
That does in all its slow Resolves advance,
With graver steps, than Benchers, when they dance.
Most true ; yet is not this, I dare maintain,
Less us'd by any, than the Fool, call'd Man.

The wiser Emmet, quoted just before,
In summer time ranges the Fallows o'er
With pains, and labour, to lay in his store ;
But when the blust'ring North with ruffling
 blasts
Saddens the year, and Nature overcasts ;
The prudent Insect, hid in privacy,
Enjoys the fruits of his past industry.
No Ant of sense was e'er so awkward seen,
To drudg in Winter, loiter in the Spring.

But fillier Man, in his mistaken way,
By Reason, his false guide, is led astray :

Tost by a thousand gusts of wavering doubt,
His restless mind still rolls from thought to
thought;

In each resolve unsteady, and unfixt,
And what he one day loaths, desires the next.

*Shall I, so fam'd for many a wanton jest
On wiving, now go take a jilt at last?*

*Shall I turn Husband, and my station choose,
Amongst the reverend Martyrs of the Noose!*

*No, there are fools enough besides in town,
To furnish work for Satyr, and Lampoon:*

Few months before cried the unthinking Sot;
Who quickly alter, hamper'd in the knot,

Was quoted for an instance by the rest,
And bore his Fate, as tamely as the best,

And thought, that Heav'n from some miraculous
side,
For him alone had drawn a faithful Bride.

This is our image just: such is that vain,
That foolish, fickle, motly Creature, Man!

More

More changing than a Weathercock, his Head
 Never wakes with the same thoughts, he went to
 bed,
 Irksome to all beside, and ill at ease,
 He neither others, nor himself can please:
 Each minute round his whirling humors run,
 Now he's a Trooper, and a Priest anon,
 To day in Buff, to morrow in a Gown.
 Yet, pleas'd with idle whimsies of his brain,
 And puffed with pride, this haughty thing would
 fain
 Be thought himself the only stay, and prop,
 That holds the mighty frame of Nature up:
 The Skies and Stars, his properties must seem,
 And turn spit Angels tread the Spheres for him:
 Of all the Creatures he's the Lord (he cries)
 More absolute, then the French king of his,
And, who is there (say you) that dares deny
So own'd a truth? That may be, Sir, do I.

But to omit the controverſie here,

Whether, if met, the paſſenger and Bear,

This or the other ſtands in greater fear.

Or, if an Act of Parliament ſhould paſs

That all the *Iraſh* Wolves ſhould quit the place,

They'd ſtrait obey the Statutes high command,

And at a minutes warning rid the Land :

This boacted Monarch of the world, that awſ

The Creatures here, and with his beck gives
laws;

This titular King, who thus pretends to be

The Lord of all, how many Lords has he?

The luſt of Mony, and the luſt of power,

With Love, and Hate, and twenty paſſions
more,

Hold him there ſlave, & chain him to the Oar.

Scarce has ſoft ſleep in ſilence clos'd his eyes,

Up! (ſtrait ſays Avarice) 'tis time to riſe.

Not yet: one minute longer. Up! (ſhe cries)

Th' Exchange, and Shops are hardly open yet.

No matter: Riſe! But after all, for what?

*Dye ask & go, cut the Line, double the Cape,
Traverse from end to end the spacious deep;
Search both the Indies, Bantam, and Japan:
Fetch Sugars from Barbadoes, Wines from Spain.
What need all this? I've wealth enough in store,
I thank the Fates, nor care for adding more.
You cannot have too much; this point to gain,
You must no Crime, no Perjury refrain,
Hunger you must endure, Hardship, and Want,
Amidst full Barns keep an eternal Lent,
And tho you've more than B—m has spent
Or C—n got, like stingy B—cl save,
And grudge your self the charges of a grave,
And the small Ransom of a single Groat,
From Sword or Halter to redeem your Throat.
And pray, why all this sparing? Don't you know?
Only t'enrich a spendthrift Heir, or so:
Who shall, when you are timely dead, and gone,
With his gilt Coach, and Six amuse the Town,*

Keep his gay brace of Punks, and vainly give
 More for a night, than you to fine for Shrieve.
 But you lose time; the Wind and Vessel waits,
 Quick, let's aboard! Hey for the Downs, and
 Streights.

Or, if all-powerfull Mony fail of charms
 To tempt the wretch, and push him on to harms:
 With a strong hand does fierce Ambition seize,
 And drag him forth from soft repose and ease:
 Amidst ten thousand dangers spurs him on,
 With loss of Blood and Limbs to hunt renown.
 Who for reward of many a wound and maim,
 Is paid with nought but wooden Legs, and Fame,
 And the poor comfort of a grinning Fate,
 To stand recorded in the next Gazette.

But hold! cries one) your paltry gilding wit,
 Or learn henceforth to aim it more aright:
 If this be any; 'tis a glorious fault,
 Which through all Ages has been ever thought
 The Hero's virtue, and chief excellence:

Pray

Monſieur Boileau, imitated.

97

Pray what was Alexander in your ſence?

A fool belike. Yes, faith, Sir, much the ſame;

A crack-brain'd Huſſy, that for the world on flame:

A Lunatick broke looſe, who in his fir

Fell foul on all, invaded all, he met

Who, Lord of the whole Globe, yet not content,

Lack'd elbow-room, and ſeem'd too cloſely pent.

What madneſs was't, that, born to a fair Throne,

Where he might rule with Juſtice, and Renown,

Like a wild Robber, he ſhould chooſe to roam,

A pittied wretch, with neither houſe, nor home,

And hurling War and Slaught'ring up and down,

Through the wide world make his vaſt folly

known?

Happy for ten good reaſons had it been,

If *Macedon* had had a *Bedlam* then:

That there with Keepers under cloſe reſtraint

He might have been from frantick miſchief pent.

But that we mayn't in long digreſſions now

Diſcourſe all *Reinolds*, and the Paſſions through,

And

And ranging them in method stiff, and grave.

Rhime on by Chapter, and by Paragraph;

Let's quit the present Topick of Dispute,

For *More* and *Cudworth* to enlarge about;

And take a view of man in his best light,

Wherein he seems to most advantage set.

'Tis he alone, (you'll say) 'tis happy he,

That's fram'd by Nature for Society;

He only dwells in Towns; is only seen

With Manners and Civility to shine;

Does only Magistrates, and Rulers choose,

And live secur'd by Government, and Laws.

'Tis granted, Sir; but yet without all these,

Without your boasted Laws, and Policies,

Or fear of Judges, or of Justices;

Who ever saw the Wolves, that he can say,

Like more inhuman Us, so bent on prey,

To Rob their fellow Wolves upon the way?

Who ever saw Church and Fanatick bear,

Like savage Mankind one another tear?

What

What Tyger e'er aspiring to be great,
In Riots and Factions did embroil the State;
Or when was heard upon the Libyan Plains,
Where the stern Monarch of the Desert reigns,
That *Whig* and *Tory* Lions in wild jars
Madly engag'd for choice of Shrieves and
May'rs?

The fiercest Creatures we in Nature find,
Respect their figure still in the same kind;
To others rough to these they gentle be,
And live from Noise, from feuds, from Actions
free.

No Eagle does upon his Peerage sue,
And strive some meaner Eagle to undo:
No Fox was e'er suborn'd by spite, or hire,
Against his Brother Fox his life to swear:
Nor any Hind, for Impotence at Rut,
Did e'er the Stag into the Archers put;
Where a grave Dean the weighty Case might
state,

What makes in Law a carnal Job complete:
They fear no dreadful *Quo Warranto* Writ;
To shake their ancient privilege and right:

No

No Courts of Sessions; nor Assize are there,
 No Common Pleas, King's Bench, or Chancery Bar
 But happier they, by Nature's Charter free,
 Secure, and safe in mutual peace agree,
 And know no other Law, but Equity.

'Tis Man, 'tis Man alone, the worst of
 Brutes,

Who first brought up the trade of cutting
 Throats,

Did Honour first, that barbarous term devise,
 Unknown to all the gentler Savages;

And, as 'twere not enough t'have fetch'd from
 Hell,

Powder, and Guns, with all the arts to kill,

Farther to plague the world, he must ingross
 Hudge Codes and bulky Pandects of the Laws,

With Doctors Glosses to perplex the Cause,
 Where darken'd Equity is kept from light,

Under vast Reams of Non-sense buried quite.
 Gently, good Sir! (cry you) why all this rage?

Man has his freaks and Passions; that we grant;

He has his frailties, and blind sides; who doubts?

But his least Virtues, balance all his Faults.

Pray,

Pray, was it not this bold, thin thinking Man,
That measur'd Heav'n and taught the Stars to scan,
Whose boundless wit, with soaring wings durst fly,
Beyond the flaming borders of the sky;
Turn'd Nature o'er, and with a piercing view
Each cranny search'd, and lookt her through and
through.

Which of the Brutes have Universities,
When was it heard, that they e'er took Degrees,
Or were Professors of the Faculties?
By Law, or Physick were they ever known
To merit Velvet, or a Scarlet Gown?

No questionless; nor did we ever read,
Of Quacks with them, that were Licentiates
made,
By Patent to profess the pois'ning Trade:
No Doctors in the Desk there hold dispute
About Black-pudding, while the wond'ring
Rout
Listen to hear the knotty Truth made out:
Nor Virtuoso's teach deep mysteries
Of Arts for pumping Air, and smothering Flies.

But

But not to urge the matter farther now,
 Nor search it to the depth, what 'tis to know,
 And whether we know any thing or no:
 Answer me only this, What man is there
 In this vile thankless Age, wherein we are,
 Who does by Sense and Learning value bear;
Would'st thou get Honor, and a fair Estate,
And have the looks and favours of the Great?
 Cries an old Father to his blooming Son,
Take the right course, be rul'd by me 'tis done.
Leave mouldy Authors to the reading Fools,
The poring crowds in Colleges and Schools:
How much is threescore Nobles? Twenty pound.
Well said, my Son, the Answer's most profound:
Go, thou know'st all that's requisite to know;
What Wealth on thee, what Honors haste to flow!
In these high Sciences thy self employ,
Instead of Plato, take thy Hodder, Boy.
Learn there the art to audit an Account,
To what the Kings Revenue does amount:

How

*How much the Customs and Excise bring in,
And what the Managers each year purloin;
Get a Case harden'd Conscience Irish proof,
Which nought of pity, sense, or shame can move:
Turn Algerine, Barbarian, Turk, or Jew,
Unjust, inhuman, treacherous, base, untrue;
Ne'er stick at wrong; hang Widows sighs and tears,
The cant of Priests to frighten Usurers,
Boggle at nothing to encrease thy Store,
Not Orphans spoils, nor plunder of the Poor:
And scorning paltry rules of Honesty,
By Jurer methods raise thy Fortune high.
When shoals of Poets, Pedants, Orators,
Doctors, Divines, Astrologers, and Lawyers,
Authors of every sort, and every size,
To thee their Works, and Labours shall address,
With pompons Lines their Dedications fill,
And learnedly in Greek and Latin tell
Lies to thy face, that thou hast deep insight,
And art a mighty jndg of what they write,*

He, that is rich, is every thing, that is,
 Without one grain of Wisdom he is wise,
 And knowing nought, knows all the Sciences:
 He's witty, gallant, virtuous, generous, stout,
 Well born, well-bred, well shap'd, well dress'd, what not?
 Lov'd by the Great and Court'd by the Fair,
 For none that e'er had Riches found despair:
 Gold to the loathsom'st object gives a grace,
 And sets it off, and makes ev'n Bovey please:
 But tatter'd Poverty they all despise,
 Love stands aloof, and from the Scare-crow flies.

Thus a stanch Miser to his hopeful Brat
 Chalks out the way that leads to an Estate?
 Whose knowledge oft with utmost stretch of
 Brain
 No higher than this vast secret can attain,
 Five and four's nine, take two, and seven re-
 main.

Go, Doctor, after this, and rack your Brains,
 Unravel Scripture with industrious pains:
 On musty Fathers waste your fruitless hours,
 Correct the Criticks, and Expositors:

Out

Out-vie great *Stillingfleet* in some vast *Tome*,
And there confound both *Bellarmin* and *Rome*;
Or glean the *Rabbies* of their learned store,
To find what Father *Simon* has past o'er:
Then at the last some bulky piece compile,
There lay out all your time, and pains and skill;
And when 'tis done and finish'd for the Press,
To some Great Name the mighty Work address:

Who for a full reward of all your toil,
Shall pay you with a gracious nod or smile:
Just recompence of life too vainly spent!
An empty *Thank you Sir*, and Complement.

But, if to higher Honors you pretend,
Take the advice and counsel of a Friend;
Here quit the Desk, and throw your Scarlet by,
And to some gainful course your self apply.
Go, practise with some Banker how to cheat,
There's choice in Town, enquire in *Lombard-streets*.

Let ~~Scot~~ and ~~Ookham~~ wrangle as they please,

And thus in short with me conclude the case,

A Doctor is no better than an Ass

A Doctor, Sir? your self: Pray have a care,

This is to push your Raillery too far.

But not to lose the time in trifling thus,

Beside the point, come now more home and close:

That Man has Reason is beyond debate,

Nor will your self, I think, deny me that:

And was not this fair Pilot giv'n to steer,

His tot'ring Bark through Life's rough Ocean here?

All this I grant: but if in spite of it

The wretch on every Rock he sees will split,

To what great purpose does his Reason serve,

But to mis-guide his course, and make him

swerve?

What boots it *H.* when it says, Give o'er

Thy scribbling itch, and play the fool no more,

If her vain counsels, purpos'd to reclaim,

Only avail to harden him in shame?

Lampoon'd, and hiſs'd, and damn'd the thou-
ſandth time,

Still he writes on, is obſtinate in Rhime:

His Verſe, which he does every were recite,

Put all his Neighbors, and his Freinds to flight:

Scar'd by the rhiming Fiend, they haſte away,

Nor will his very Groom be hir'd to ſtay.

The Aſs, whom Nature Reaſon has deny'd,

Content with Inſtinct for his ſurer guide,

Still follows that, and wiſelier does proceed:

He ne'er aſpires with his harſh braying Note,

The Songſters of the Wood to challenge out:

Nor, like this awkward ſmatterer in Arts,

Sets up himſelf for a vain Aſs of parts;

Of Reaſon void, he ſees, and gains his end,

While Man, who does to that falſe light pre-
tend,

Wildly grops on, and in broad day is blind.

By whimſie led he does all things by chance,

And acts in each againſt all common ſenſe.

With every thing pleas'd, and displeas'd at once,
 He knows not what he seeks, nor what he shuns:
 Unable to distinguish good, or bad,
 For nothing he is gay, for nothing sad:
 At random loves, and loaths, avoids, pursues,
 Enacts, repeals, makes, alters, does, undoes.

Did we, like him, e'er see the Dog, or Bear,
 Chimera's of their own devising fear?

Frame needless doubts, and for those doubts for-
 go

The Joys which prompting Nature calls them to?

And with their Pleasures awkwardly at strife,

With scaring Faints pall the sweets of Life?

Tel me, grave Sir, did ever Man see Beast

So much below himself, and sence debas'd,

To worship Man with superstitious Fear,

And fondly to his Idol Temples rear?

Was he e'er seen with Pray'rs and Sacrifice

Approach to him, as Ruler of the Skies,

To beg for Rain, or Sun-shine on his knees?

No

No never: but a thousand times has Beast,
Seen Man, beneath the meanest Brute debas'd,
Fall low to Wood; and Metal heretofore,
And madly his own Workmanship adore;
In *Egypt* oft has seen the Sot bow down,
And reverence some deified Baboon:
Has often seen him on the Banks of *Nile*
Say Pray'rs to the Almighty Crocodile:
And now each day in every street abroad
Sees prostrate Fools adore a broaden God.

*But why (say you) these spiteful Instances
Of Egypt, and it's gross Idolatries?
Of Rome, and hers as much ridiculous?
What are these lewd Buffooneries to us?
How gather you from such wild proofs as these,
That Man, a Doctor is beneath an Ass?
An Ass! that heavy, stupid, lumpish Beast,
The Sport, and mocking-stock of all the rest?
Whom they all spurn, and whom they all despise,
Whose very name all Satyr does comprize?*

An Afs, Sir? Yes: Pray what should make
us laugh?

Now he unjustly is our jeer, and scoff.

But, if one day he should occasion find

Upon our Follies to express his mind;

If Heav'n, as once of old, to check proud Man,

By miracle should give him Speech again;

What would he say, d'ye think, could he speak
out,

Nay, Sir, betwixt us two, what would he not?

What would he say, were he condemn'd to
stand

For one long hour in *Fleetstreet*, or the *Strand*,

To cast his eyes upon the motly throng,

The two-leg'd Herd, that dayly pass along;

To see their old Disguises, Furs and Gowns,

Their Cassocks, Cloaks, Lawn sleeves, and Pan-
taloons?

What would he say to see a Velvet Quack

Walk with the price of forty kill'd on's Back;

Or

Or mounted on a Stage, and gaping loud, nor
Commend his Drugs, and Ratsbane to the
Crowd?

What would he think on a Lord Mayor's day,
Should he the Pomp and Pageantry survey?
Or view the Judges, and their solemn Train,
March with grave decency to kill a Man?

What would he think of us, should he appear
In Term amongst the crowds at *Westminster*,
And there the hellish din, and Jargon hear,
Where *J.* and his pack with deep-mouth'd
Notes

Drown *Billingsgate*, and all its Oyster-Boats?
There see the Judges, Sergeants, Barristers,
Attorneys, Counsellors, Solicitors,
Criers, and Clerks, and all the Savage Crew
Which wretched man at his own charge undo?
If after prospect of all this, the As
Should find the voice he had in *Esope's* days;

Then, Doctor, then, casting his eyes around
On human Fools, which every where abound.

Content with Thistles, from all envy free,
And shaking his grave head, no doubt he'd cry
Good faith, Man is a Beast as much as we.

THE

THE THIRTEENTH

SATYR

OF

JUVENAL,

Imitated.

Written in April, 1682.

ARGUMENT.

The POET comforts a Friend, that is overmuch concerned for the loss of a considerable Sum of Money, of which he has lately been cheated by a person, to whom he intrusted the same. This he does by shewing, that nothing comes to pass in the world without Divine Providence, and that wicked Men (however they seem to escape its Punishment here)

*yet suffer abundantly in the torments of an evil
Conscience. And by the way takes occasion to
lash the Degeneracy, and Villany of the present
Times.*

T Here is not one base Act, which Men
commit,
But carries this ill sting along with it,
That to the Author it creates regret :
And this is some Revenge at least, that he
Can ne'er acquit himself of Villany,
Tho a brib'd Judg and Jury set him free.

All people, Sir, abhor, (as 'tis but just)
Your faithless Friend, who lately broke his
Trust,
And curse the treacherous Deed: But, thanks
to Fate,
That has not bless'd you with so small Estate,
But that with patience you may bear the Cross,
And need not sink under so mean a Loss.
Besides your Case for less concern does call,
Because 'tis what does usually befall:

Ten

Ten thousand such might be alledg'd with ease,
Out of the common crowd of Instances.

Then cease for shame, immoderate regret,
And don't your Manhood, and your Sense forget:
Tis womanish, and silly to lay forth
More cost in Grief than a Misfortune's worth.
You scarce can bear a puny trifling Ill,
It goes so deep, pray Heav'n! it does not kill:
And all this trouble, and this vain ado,
Because a Friend (forsooth) has prov'd untrue.
Shame o' your Beard! can this so much amaze?
Were you not born in good King *Jemmy's* days?
And are not you, at length, yet wiser grown,
When threescore Winters on your head have
 shown?

Almighty Wisdom gives in Holy Writ
Wholsom Advice to all, that follow it:
And those, that will not its great Counsels hear,
May learn from meer experience how to bear
(Without vain struggling) Fortunes yoke, and
 how
They ought her rudest shocks to undergo.

There's

There's not a day so solemn thro the year,
 Not one red Letter in the Calendar,
 But we of some new Crime discover'd hear.
 Theft, Murder, Treason, Perjury, what not?
 Moneys by Cheating, Padding, pois'ning got.
 Nor is it strange; so few are now the Good,
 That fewer scarce were left at *Noah's* Flood:
 Should *Sodom's* Angel here in Fire descend,
 Our Nation wants ten Men to save the Land.
 Fate has reserv'd us for the very Lees
 Of time, where Ill admits of no degrees:
 An Age so bad old Poets ne'er could frame,
 Nor find a Metal out to give't a name.
 This your experience knows, and yet for all
 On faith of God, and Man aloud you call,
 Louder then on *Queen Bess's* day the Rout
 For *Antichrist* burnt in Effigie shout:
 But, tell me, Sir, tell me, grey-headed Boy,
 Do you not know what Lech'ry men enjoy

In

In stollen Goods? for Gods sake don't you see?
 How they all laugh at your simplicity,
 When gravely you forewarn of Perjury?
 Preach up a God and Hell, vain empty names,
 Exploded now for idle thredbare shams,
 Devis'd by Priests, and by none else believ'd,
 E'er since great *Hobbes* the world has undeceiv'd?

This might have past with the plain simple
 Race

Of our Forefathers in King *Arthur's* days:
 E'er mingling with corrupted forein Seed,
 We learnt their vice, and spoil'd our native Breed.
 E'er yet bless'd *Albion*, high in ancient Fame,
 With her first Innocence resign'd her Name.
 Fair dealing then, and downright Honesty,
 And plighted Faith were good Security:
 No vast Ingrossments for Estates were made,
 Nor Deeds, large as the Lands, which they
 convey'd:

To bind a Trust there lack'd no formal tie
 Of Paper, Wax, and Seals, and Witnesses,
 Nor ready Coin, but sterling Promises:

Each

Each took the other's word, and that would go
 For current then, and more than Oaths do now:
 None had recourse to *Chanc'ry* for defence,
 Where you forego your Right with less Expence:
 Nor traps were yet set up for Perjurers,
 That catch Men by the Heads, and whip off Ears,
 Then Knave and Villain things unheard of
 were,
 Scarce in a Century did one appear,
 And he more gaz'd at than a Blazing Star:
 If a young Stripling put not off his Hat
 In high respect to every Beard he met,
 Tho a Lord's Son, and Heir, 'twas held a crime,
 That scarce defery'd his Clergy in that time:
 So venerable then was four years odds,
 And grey old Heads were reverenc'd as Gods.
 Now if a Friend once in an Age prove just,
 If he miraculously keep his Trust,
 And without force of Law deliver all
 That's due, both Interest and Principal;

Prodigious

Prodigious wonder fit for *Stow* to tell,
And stand recorded in the Chronicle;
A thing less memorable would require
As great a Monument as *London* Fire.

A Man of Faith and Uprightness is grown
So strange a Creature both in Court and
Town,

That he with Elephants may well be shown,
A Monster, more uncommon than a Whale

At *Bristol*, the last great Comet, or the Hail,
Than *Thames* his double Tide, or should he run

With Streams of Milk, or Blood to *Graveyard*
down.

You're troubled that you've lost five hundred
pound

By treacherous Fraud: another may be found,
Has lost a thousand: and another yet,

Double to that; perhaps his whole Estate.
Little do folks the heav'nly Powers mind,

If they but scape the knowledge of Mankind:
Observe, with how demure, and grave a look

The Rascal lays his hand upon the Book

Then

Then with a praying Face, and lifted Eye
 Claps on his Lips and Seals the Perjury:
 If you persist his Innocence to doubt,
 And boggle in belief: he'll strait rap out
 Oaths by the Volley, each of which would make
 Pale Atheists start, and trembling Bullies quake;
 And more than would a whole Ships Crew main-
 rain
 To the East-Indies hence, and back again.
 As God shall pardon me, Sir, I am free
 Of what you charge me with: let me ne'er see
 His Face in Heaven else: may those hands rot,
 These eyes drop out; if I e'er bad a Groat
 Of yours, or if they ever touch'd, or saw't.
 Thus he'll run on two hours in length, till he
 Spin out a Curse long as the Litany:
 Till Heav'n has scarce a Judgment left in store
 For him to wish, deserve, or suffer more.

There are, who disavow all Providence,
 And think the world is only steer'd by chance:

Make

Make God at best an idle looker on,
A lazy Monarch lolling in his Throne :
Who his Affairs does neither mind, nor know,
But leaves them all at random here below :
And such at every foot themselves will damn,
And Oaths no more than common Breath Esteem :
No shame, nor Loss of Ears can frighten these,
Were every street a Grove of Pillories.

Others there be, that own a God, and fear
His Vengeance to ensue, and yet forswear :
Thus to himself, says one, *Let Heaven decree
What doom soe'er, its pleasure will, of me :*
*Strike me with Blindness, Palsies, Leprosies,
Plague, Pox, Consumption, all the Maladies
Of both the Spittles ; so I get my Prize
And hold it sure ; I'll suffer these, and more ;
All Plagues are light to that of being poor.
There's not a begging Cripple in the streets
(Unless he with his Limbs has lost his Wits,*

D

And

And is grown fit for Bedlam) but no doubt,
 To have his Wealth would have the Rich man's Court.
 Grant Heavens Vengeance heavy be; what tho?
 The heaviest things move slowliest still we know:
 And, if it punish all, that guilty be,
 'Twill be an Age before it come to me:
 God too is merciful, as well as just;
 Therefore I'll rather his forgiveness trust,
 Than live despis'd, and poor, as thus I must:
 I'll try, and hope he's more a Gentleman
 Than for such trivial things as these, to damn.
 Besides, for the same Fact, we've often known
 One mount the Cart, another mount the Throne:
 And foulest Deeds, attended with success,
 No longer are reputed wickedness,
 Disguis'd with Virtues Livery, and Dress.

With these weak Arguments they fortifie,
 And harden up themselves in Villany:
 The Rascal now dares call you to account,
 And in what Court you please, joyn issue on't:
 Next

Next Term he'll bring the Action to be tri'd,
 And twenty Winessees to swear on's side:
 And, if that Justice to his Cause be found,
 Expects a Verdict of five hundred pound.
 Thus he, who boldly dares the Guilt out face,
 For innocent shall with the Rabble pass:
 While you, with Impudence, and Sham run
 down,
 Are only thought the Knave by all the Town.

Mean time, poor you at Heav'n exclaim, and
 rail,
 Louder than J—— at the Bar does bawl:
Is there a Pow'r above? and does he hear?
And can he tamely Thunderbolts forbear?
To what vain end do we with Pray'rs adore?
And on our bended knees his aid implore?
Where is his Rule, if no respect be had,
Of Innocence, or Guilt, of Good, or Bad?
And who henceforth will any credit show
To what his lying Priests teach here below?
If this be Providence; for ought I see,
Bless'd Saint, Vaninus! I shall follow thee:

*Little's the odds 'twixt such a God, and that,
Which Atheist Lewis us'd to wear in's Hat.*

Thas you blaspheme, and rave: But pray, Sir,
try

What Comforts my weak Reason can apply,
Who never yet read *Plutarch*, hardly saw,
And am but meanly vers'd in *Seneca*.

In cases dangerous and hard of cure
We have recourse to *Scarborough*, or *Lower*:

But if they don't so desperate appear,
We trust to meaner Doctors skill, and care.

If there were never in the world before
So foul a deed; I'm dumb, not one word more:
A Gods name then let both your sluces flow,
And all the extravagance of sorrow show;
And tear your Hair, and thump your mournful
Breast,

As if your dearest First-born were deceas'd.
'Tis granted that a greater Grief attends
Departed Moneys than departed Friends:

None

None ever counterfeit upon this score,
Nor need he do't; the thought of being poor
Will serve alone to make the eyes run o'er.

Lost Money's griev'd with true unfeined Tears,
More true, then sorrow of expecting Heirs
At their dead Father's Funerals, tho here
The Back, and hands no pompous Mourning
wear.

But if the like complaints be dayly found
At *Westminster*, and in all Courts abound;
If Bonds, and obligations can't prevail,
But Men deny their very Hand and Seal,
Sign'd with the Arms of the whole Pedegree
Of their dead Ancestors to vouch the Lye,
If *Temple-Walks*, and *Smithfield* never fail
Of plying Rogues, that set their Souls to Sale
To the first Passenger, that bids a price,
And make their livelihood of Perjuries;
For God's sake why are you so delicate,
And think it hard to share the common Fate?

And why must you alone be Fav'rite thought
Of Heav'n, and we for Reprobates cast out?

The wrong you bear, is hardly worth regard;
Much less your Just resentment, if compar'd
With greater outrages to others done,
Which daily happen, and alarm the Town:

Compare the Villains who cut Throats for
Bread,
Or Houses fire, of late a gainful Trade,
By which our City was in Ashes laid:

Compare the sacrilegious Burglary,
From which no place can Sanctuary be,
That rifles Churches of Communion Place,
Which good King *Edward's* days did dedicate;
Think, who durst steal *S. Alban's* Font of Brass,
That Christen'd half the Royal *Scottish* Race:
Who stole the Chalices at *Chichester*,
In which themselves receiv'd the day before:
Or that bold daring Hand, of fresh Renown,
Who, scorning common Booty, stole a Crown;

Com-

Compare too, if you please, the horrid Plot,
With all the Perjuries to make it out,
Or make it nothing, for these last three years;
Add to it *Thinne's* and *Godfrey's* Murderers:
And if these seem but slight and trivial things,
Add those, that have, and would have murder'd
Kings.

And yet how little's this of Villany
To what our Judges oft in one day try?
This to convince you, do but travel down,
When the next Circuit comes, with *Pemberton*,
Or any of the Twelve, and there but mind,
How many Rogues there are of Human Kind,
And let me hear you, when you're back again,
Say, you are wrong'd, and, if you dare, complain.

None wonder, who in *Essex* Hundreds live,
Or *Sheppy* Island, to have Agues rise:
Nor would you think it much in *Africa*,
If you great Lips, and short flat Noses saw:

Because 'tis so by Nature of each place,
 And therefore there for no strange things they
 pass,
 In Lands, where Pigmies are, to see a Crane
 (As Kites do Chickens here) sweep up a Man,
 In Armour clad, with us would make a show,
 And serve for entertain at *Bartholomew*.
 Yet there it goes for no great Prodigy,
 Where the whole Nation is but one foot high:
 Then why, fond man should you so much ad-
 mire,
 Since Knave is of our growth, and common here?
But must such Perjury escape (say you) and
And shall it even thus unpunish'd go?
 Grant, he were dragg'd to Jail this very hour,
 To starve, and rot; suppose it in your Pow'r
 To rack, and torture him all kind of ways,
 To hang, or burn, or kill him, as you please;
 (And what would your Revenge it self have
 more?)
 Yet this, all this would not your Cash restore:
 And where would be the Comfort, where the
 Good,
 If you could wash your Hands in's reaking
 Blood?

But

But, Ob, Revenge more sweet than Life t'is true,

So the unthinking fay, and the mad Crew

Of heebling Blades, who for slight cause, or
none,

At every turn are into Passion blown :

Whom the least Trifles with Revenge inspire,

And at each spark, Like Gunpowder, take fire :

These unprovok'd kill the next Man they meet,

For being so sauey, as to walk the street :

And at the summons of each tiny Drab,

Cry, *Damne! Satisfaction!* draw, and stab.

Not so of old, the mild good *Socrates*,

(Who shew'd how high without the help of
Grace,

Well cultivated Nature might be wrought)

He a more noble way of suff'ring taught,

And, tho the Guiltless drank the poisonous Dose

Ne'er wish'd a drop to his accusing Foes.

Not so our great good *Martyr'd King* of late

(Could we his bless'd Example imitate)

Who

42 *The Thirteenth SUTTER of*
Who, tho the great'st of mortal sufferers,
Yet kind to his rebellious Murderers,
Forgave, and bless'd them with his dying
Pray'rs.

Thus, we by sound Divinity, and Sense
May purge our minds, and weed all Errors
thence:

These lead us into light, nor shall we need
Other than them thro Life to be our Guide.

Revenge is but a Trifling, incident
To craz'd, and sickly minds, the poor Content
Of little Souls, unable to surmount

An Injury, too weak to bear Affront:

And this you may infer, because we find,
'Tis most in poor unthinking Woman-kind,

Who wreak their feeble spite on all they can,
And are more kin to Bruit then braver Man.

But why should you imagin, Sir, that those
Escape unpunish'd, who still feel the Throes
And Pangs of a rack'd Soul, and (which is
worse

Than all the Pains, which can the Body curse)

The secret gnawings of unseen Remorse?

Be-

Believ'r, they suffer greater Punishment
 Than *Rome's* Inquisitors could e'er invent
 Nor all the Tortures, Racks, and Cruelties,
 Which ancient Persecutors could devise,
 Nor all, that *Fox* his Bloody Records tell,
 Can match what *Bradshaw*, and *Rivilliac* feel,
 Who in their Breasts carry about their Hell.
 I've read this story, but I know not where,
 Whether in *Hackmel*, or *Beard's* Theatre:
Acertain Spartain, whom a Friend, like you,
 Had trusted with a Hundred pound or two;
 Went to the Oracle to know if he
 With safety might the Sum in trust deny,
 'Twas answer'd, No, that if he durst forswear,
 He should ere long for's knavery pay dear:
 Hence Fear, not Honesty, made him refund;
 Yet to his cost the Sentence true he found:
 Himself, his Children, all his Family,
 Ev'n the remotest of his whole Pedigree,
 Perish'd (as their 'tis told) in misery.

Now

Now to apply: If such be the sad end
Of Perjury, tho' but in Thought design'd,
Think, Sir, what Fate awaits your treach'rous
Friend,

Who has not only thought, but done to you
All this, and more; think, what he suffers now,
And think, what every Villain suffers else,
That dares, like him, be faithless, base, and false.

Pale Horror, ghastly Fear, and black Despair
Pursue his steps, and dog him wheresoe'er
He goes, and if from his loath'd self he fly,
To herd, like wounded Deer, in compan'y
These straight creep in and pall his mirth, and
joy.

The choicest Dainties, ev'n by *Lumly* drest,
Afford no Relish to his sickly Taste,
Inspid all, as *Damocles* his Feast.
Ev'n Wine, the greatest blessing of Mankind,
The best support of the dejected mind,
Applied to his dull spirits, warms no more
Than to his Corps it could past Life restore.

Dark-

Darkness he fears, nor dares he trust his Bed

Without a Candle watching by his side:

And, if the wakeful Troubles of his Breast

To his toss'd Limbs allow one moments Rest,

Straitways the groans of Ghosts, and hideous
Screams

Of tortur'd Spirits haunt his frightful Dreams:

Strait there return to his tormented mind

His perjur'd Act, his injur'd God, and Friend:

Straight he imagines you before his Eyes,

Ghastly of shape, prodigious of size,

With glaring Eyes, cleft Foot, and monstrous
Tail,

And bigger than the Giants at *Guild-hall*,

Stalking with horrid strides across the Room,

And Guards of Fiends to drag him to his Doom;

Hereat he falls in dreadful Agonies,

And dead cold Sweats his trembling Members
seize:

Then starting wakes, and with a dismal cry,

Calls to his aid his frightened Family;

There

There owns the Crime, and vows upon his knees
The sacred Pledg next morning to release.

These are the Men, whom the least Terror
daunt,

Who at the sight of their own shadows faint ;

These, if it chance to Lighten, are agast,

And quake for fear, lest every Flash should blast:

These swoon away at the first Thunder clap,

As if 'twere not, what usually does hap,

The casual cracking of a Cloud, but sent

By angry Heaven for their Punishment:

And, if unhurt they scape the Tempest now,

Still dread the greater Vengeance to ensue:

These the least Symptoms of a Fever fright,

Water high-colour'd, want of rest at night,

Or a disorder'd Pulse strait makes them shrink,

And presently for fear they're ready sink

Into their Graves: their time (think they) is
come,

And Heav'n in judgment now has sent their
Doom.

Nor dare they, tho' in whisper, cast a prayer,
Left it by chance should reach th' Almighty's
ear,
And wake his sleeping Vengeance, which before
So long has their impieties forbore.

These are the thoughts which guilty wretches
haunt,
Yet enter'd, they still grow more impudent:
After a Crime perhaps they now and then
Feel pangs and struglings of Remorse within,
But freight return to their old course agen:
They, who have once thrown Shame, and Con-
science by,
Ne'er after make a stop in Villany:
Hurried along, down the vast steep they go,
And find, 'tis all a Precipice below.

Ev'n this perfidious Friend of yours, no doubt
Will not with single wickedness give out;
Have patience but a while, you'll shortly see
His hand held up at Bar for Felony:

You'll

You'll see the sentenc'd wretch for Punishment
To *Scilly* Isles, or the *Caribbes* sent:
Or (if I may his surer Fate divine)
Hung like *Boroski*, for a Gibbet-sign:
Then may you glut Revenge, and feast your
Eyes
With the dear object of his Miseries:
And then at length convinc'd, with joy you'll
find
That the just God is neither deaf, nor blind.

DAVID'S

DAVID'S LAMENTATION

For the DEATH of
SAUL and *JO NATHAN*,
PARAPHRAS'D.

Written in September, 1677.

O D E.

I.

A H wretched *Israel*! once blest'd, and
happy State,
The Darling of the Stars, and Heav'ns Care,
Then all the bord'ring world thy Vassals
were,
And thou at once their Envy and their Fear,
How soon art thou (alas!) by the sad turn of
Fate

E

Become

Become abandon'd and forlorn?

How art thou now become their Pity, and their
scorn?

Thy Lustre all is vanish'd, all thy Glory fled,
Thy Sun himself set in a blood red,
Too sure Prognostick | which does ill portend
Approaching Storms on thy unhappy Land,
Left naked, and defenceless now to each inva-
ding Hand,

A fatal Battle, lately fought,
Has all these Mis'ries, and and Misfortunes
brought,
Has thy quick Ruin, and Destruction
wrought:

There fell we by a mighty Overthrow
A Prey to an enrag'd, relentless Foe,
The toil and labour of their wearied Cruelty,
Till they no more could kill, and we no long-
er die:

Vast slaughter all around th' enlarged Moun-
tain swells,
And numerous Deaths increase its former
Hills.

II. In

II.

In *Gath* let not the mournful News be known;
 Nor publish'd in the streets of *Askalon*;
 May Fame it self be quite struck dumb!
 Oh may it never to *Philistia* come,
 Nor any live to bear the cursed Tidings home!
 Lest the proud Enemies new Trophies raise,
 And loudly triumph in our fresh Disgrace:
 No captive *Israelite* their pompous Joy adorn,
 Nor in sad Bondage his lost Country mourn:
 No Spoils of ours be in there Temples hung,
 No Hymns to *Ashdod's* Idol sung,
 Nor thankful Sacrifice on his glad Altars burn.
 Kind Heav'n forbid! lest the base Heathen
 Slaves blaspheme
 Thy sacred and unutterable Name,
 And above thine extol their *Dagon's* Fame;
 Lest the vile *Filb's* Worship spread abroad,
 Who sel a prostrate Victim once before our con-
 qu'ring God.

And you, who the great Deeds of Kings and
Kingdoms write,

Who all their Actions to succeeding Age trans-
mit,

Conceal the blushing Story, ah ! conceal
Our Nations loss, and our dread Monarch's
fall :

Conceal the Journal of this bloody Day,
When both by the ill Play of Fate were thrown
away :

Nor let our wretched Infamy, and Fortune's
Crime

Be ever mention'd in the Registers of future
Time.

III.

For ever, *Gilboa*, be curst thy hated Name,
Th' eternal Monument of our Disgrace, and
Shame !

For ever curst be that unhappy Scene,
Where Slaughter, Blood, and Death did late-
ly reign !

No Clouds henceforth above thy barren top ap-
pear,

But what may make thee mourning wear :

Let

Let them ne'er shake their dewy Fleeces there,

But only once a year

On the sad Anniverse drop a remembring Tear :

No Flocks of Off'rings on thy Hills be known,
Which may by Sacrifice our Guilt and thine at-
tone :

Nor Sheep, nor any of the gentler kind hereaf-
ter stay

On thee, but Bears, and Wolves, and Beasts
of prey,

Or men more savage, wild, and fierce than
They ;

A Desert may'st thou prove, and lonely wast,
Like that, our sinful, stubborn Fathers past,
Where they the Penance trod for all, they there
transgreit :

Too dearly wast thou drench'd with precious
Blood

Of many a *Jewish* Worthy, spilt of late,
Who suffer'd there by an ignoble Fate,
And purchas'd foul dishonour at too high a rate :

Great *Soul's* ran there amongst the common
Flood,

His Royal self mixt with the baser Crowd :

He, whom Heav'n's high and open suffrage
chose,

The Bulwark of our Nation to oppose

The Pow'r and Malice of our Foes;

Ev'n He, on whom the Sacred Oyl was shed,
Whose mystick drops enlarg'd his hallow'd
Head,

Lies now (oh Fate, impartial still to Kings!)

Huddled, and undistinguish'd in the heap of
meaner things.

IV.

Lo! there the mighty Warriour lies,

With all his Lawrels, all his Victories,

To ravenous Fowls, or worse, to his proud Foes,
a Prize:

How chang'd from that great *Saul*! whose ge-
nerous Aid,

A conqu'ring Army to distressed *Jabesh* led,

At whose approach *Ammon*'s proud Tyrant
fled:

How chang'd from that great *Saul*! whom
we saw bring

From vanquish'd *Amalek* their captive Spoils,
and King;

When

When unbid Pity made him *Agag* spare:

Ah Pity! more than Cruelty found guilty there:

Of he has made these conquer'd Enemies
bow,

By whom himself lies conquer'd now:

At *Micmasb* his great Might they felt, and
knew,

The same they felt at *Dammin* too:

Well I remember, when from *Helah's* Plain

He came in triumph, met by a numerous
Crowd,

Who with glad shouts proclaim'd their Joy
aloud;

A Dance of beauteous Virgins led the solemn
Train,

And sung, and prais'd the man *that had his Thou-*
sands slain.

Seir, Moab, Zobah felt him, and where'er

He did his glorious Standards bear,

Officious Viç'ry follow'd in the reer:

Success attended still his brandish'd Sword,

And, like the Grave, the gluttonous Blade de-
vour'd:

Slaughter upon its point in triumph fate,

And scatter'd Death, as quick, and wide as Fate.

V.

Nor less in high Repute, and Worth was his
great Son,

Sole Heir of all his Valour, and Renown,

Heir too (if cruel Fate had suffer'd) of his Throne:

The matchless *Jonathan* 'twas, whom loud
tongu'd Fame

Amongst her chiefeft Heroes joys to name,

Ere since the wond'rous Deeds at *Seneh* done,

Where he, himself and Host, o'ercame a War
alone :

The trembling Enemies fled, they try'd to fly,

But fix'd amazement stopt, and made them die

Great Archer He ! to whom our dreaded skill
we owe,

Dreaded by all, who *Israel's* warlike Prowess
know ;

As many shafts, as his full Quiver held,

So many Fates he drew, so many kill'd ;

Quick, and unerring they, as darted Eye-beams,
flew,

As if he gave 'em sight, and swiftness too,

Death took her Aim from his, and by'r her Ar-
rows threw,

VI. Both

VI.

Both excellent they were, both equally alli'd,

On Nature, and on Valour's side:

Great *Saul*, who scorn'd a Rival in Renown,

Yet envied not the Fame of's greater Son,

By him endur'd to be surpass'd alone:

He gallant Prince, did his whole Father shew,

And fast, as he could set, the well-writ Copies

drew,

And blush'd, that Duty bid him not out go:

Together they did both the paths to Glory trace,

Together hunted in the noble Chace,

Together finish'd their united Race;

There only did they prove unfortunate,

Never till then unblest'd by Fate,

Yet there they ceas'd not to be great;

Pearless they met, and brav'd their threaten'd

fall,

And fought when Heav'n revolted, Fortune

durst rebel;

When

When publick safety, and their Countrys care
Requir'd their Aid, and call'd them to the toils
of War ;

As Parent-Eagles, summon'd by their Infants
cries,

Whom some rude hands would make a
Prize,

Hast to Relief, and with their wings out-fly their
eyes ;

So swift did they their speedy succour bear,

So swift the bold Aggressors seize,

So swift attack, so swift pursue the vanquish'd
enemies

The vanquish'd enemies with all the wings
of Fear

Mov'd not so quick as they,

Scarce could their soul's fly fast enough
away.

Bolder than Lions, they thick dangers met,
Thro Fields with armed Troops, and pointed
Harvests set,

Nothing could tame their Rage, or quench their
generous Heat :

Like

Like those, they march'd undaunted, and like
those,

Secure of Wounds, and all that durst oppose,
So to Resisters fierce, so gentle to their prostrate
Foes.

VII.

Mourn, wretched *Israel*, mourn thy Mon-
arch's fall,

And all thy plenteous stock of sorrow call,

T'attend his pompous Funeral:

Mourn each, who in this loss an int'rest
shares,

Lavish your Grief, exhaust it all in Tears:

You *Hebrew* Virgins too,

Who once in lofty strains did his glad Triumphs
sing,

Bring all your artful Notes, and skilful Measures
now,

Each charming air of Breath, and string,

Bring all to grace the Obsequies of your dead
King,

And high, as then your Joy, let now your Sor-
row flow.

Saul

Saul, your great *Saul* is dead,

Who you with Natures choicest Dainties fed,
 Who you with Natures gayest Wardrobe clad,
 By whom you all her Pride, and all her Plea-
 sures had :

For you the precious Worm his Bowels spun,
 For you the *Tyrian* Fish did Purple run,
 For you the blest *Arabia's* Spices grew,
 And *Eastern* Quarries harden'd Pearly dew ;
 The Sun himself turn'd Labourer for you :
 For you he hatch'd his golden Births alone,
 Wherewith you were array'd, whereby you
 him out-shone,

All this and more you did to *Saul's* great Con-
 duct owe,
 All this you lost in his unhappy overthrow.

VIII.

Oh Death ! how vast an Harvest hast thou reap'd
 of late !

Never before hadst thou so great,

Ne'er

the Death of Saul and Jonathan. 61

Ne'er drunk't before so deep of *Jewish* Blood,
Ne'er since th' embattled Hosts at *Gibeah* stood;

When three whole days took up the work of
Fate,

When a Large Tribe enter'd at once thy *Bill*,
And threescore thousand Victims to thy Fury fell.

Upon the fatal Mountains Head,

Lo! how the mighty Chiefs lie dead:

There my beloved *Jonathan* was slain,

The best of Princes, and the best of Men;

Cold Death hangs on his Cheeks like an untimely
Frost,

On early Fruit, there sits, and smiles a sullen
Boast,

And yet looks pale at the great Captive, she has
ta'en.

My *Jonathan* is dead (oh dreadful word of Fame!

Oh grief! that I can speak and not become the
same!)

He's dead, and with him all our blooming Hopes
are gone,

And many a wonder, which he must have
done,

And many a Conquest which he must have
won,

They're

enim

They're all to the dark Grave, and silence fled
 And never now in story shall be read,
 And never now shall take their date,
 Snatch'd hence by the Preventing hand of en-
 vious Fate.

I X.

Ah worthy Prince! would I for thee had dyed!
 Ah, would I had thy fatal place supplied!
 I'd then repaid a Life, which to thy gift I owe,
 Repaid a Crown, which Friendship taught thee
 to forgo:

Both Debts, I ne'er can cancel now:
 Oh, dearer than my Soul! if I can call it mine,
 For sure we had the same, 'twas very thine,
 Dearer than Light, or Life, or Fame,
 Or Crowns, or any thing, that I can wish, or
 think, or name:

Brother thou wast but wast my Friend before,
 And that new Title then could add no more:

the Death of Saul and Jonathan. 63

Mine more than Blood, Alliance, Natures self
could make,

Than I, or Fame it self can speak:

Not yearning Mothers, when first Throes they
feel

To their young Babes in looks a softer Passion
tell:

Not artless undissembling Maids express

In their last dying sighs such tenderness:

Not thy fair Sister, whom strict Duty bids me
wear

First in my Breast, whom holy Vows make
mine,

Tho all the Virtues of a loyal Wife she bear,

Could boast an Union so near,

Could boast a Love so firm, so lasting, so Divine.

So pure is that which we in Angels find

To Mortals here, in Heav'n to their own kind:

So pure, but not more great must that blest
Friendship prove

(Could, ah, could I to that wisht Place, and
Thee remove)

Which shall for ever joyn our mingled Souls
above.

X. Ah

Ah wretched *Israel*! ah unhappy state!
Expos'd to all the Bolts of angry Fate!
Expos'd to all thy Enemies revengefull hate!
Who is there left their Fury to withstand?
What Champions now to guard thy helpless
Land?
Who is there left in lifted Fields to head
Thy valiant Youth, and lead them on to Victory;
Alas! thy valiant Youth are dead,
And all thy brave Commanders too:
Lo! how the Glut, and Riot of the Grave thus
lie,
And none survive the fatal Overthrow,
To right their injur'd Ghosts upon the barba-
rous Foe!
Rest, ye blest'd shades, in everlasting Peace,
Who sell your Country's bloody Sacrifice:
For ever Sacred be your Memories,
And may e'er long some Avenger rise
To wipe off Heav'n's and your Disgrace!

May

the Death of Saul and Jonathan.

68

May they these proud insulting Foes

Wash off our stains of Honor with their Blood.

May they ten thousand-fold repay our loss;

For every Life a Myriad, every Drop a Flood.

ODE

Written in Honour

PARATHIA

F

THE

Which art thou greatest Blessing in the
Gift of Heaven,

Which art thou noblest Blessing given:
Changeling with Good and Dangers art thou

Not canst at any rate be over-bought.

Thou shining Honour art the noblest child

Of all the braver part of Human Race:

Thou

~~WELL-KNOWN FAIRER OF THE BLOOD~~

~~TO EVERY LINE A MYRIAD, WORTHY DROP A BLOOD~~

THE
ODE

OF

Aristotle in Athens,

P A R A P H R A S ' D .

I.

Honour! thou greatest Blessing in the
gift of Heaven,

Which only art to its chief Darlings given :

Cheaply with Blood and Dangers art thou
fought,

Nor canst at any rate be over-bought.

Thou, shining Honor, art the noblest chase
Of all the braver part of Human Race :

Thou

Thou only art worth living for below,

And only worth our dying too.

For thee, bright Goddess, for thy charming
fake,

Does Greece such wond'rous Actions under-
take:

For thee no Toils, nor hardships she foregoes,

And Death amidst ten thousand ghastly Terrors
wooes.

So powerfully dost thou the mind inspire,

And kindlest there so generous a fire,

As makes thy zealous Votaries

All things, but Thee despise;

Makes them the love of Thee prefer

Before th' enchantments of bewitching Gold,

Before th' embraces of a Parent's arms,

Before soft ease, and Love's enticing Charms,

And all, that Men on Earth most valuable hold.

II.

For Thee the Heav'n-born Hercules

And Leda's faithful Twins, in Birth no less,

So many mighty Labours underwent,
And by their God-like Deeds proclaim'd their
Descent.

By thee they reach'd the blest Abode,
The worthy Prize, for which in Glory's paths
they trod.

By thee great *Ajax*, and the greater Son
Of *Peleus* were exalted to Renown:

Envied by the Immortals did they go,
Laden with triumph to the shades below.

For thee, and thy dear sake
Did the young *Hermias* worthy of *Starna* lately
stake

His Life in Battel to the chance of Fate,
And bravely lost, what he so boldly set:

Yet lost he not his glorious aim,
But by short death Purchas'd eternal Fame:

The grateful Muses shall embalm his Memory,
And never let it die:

They shall his great Exploits rehearse,
And consecrate the Hero in immortal Verse
Upon

Upon the Works of
BEN. JOHNSON.

Written in 1678.

O D E.

I.

Great Thou ! whom 'tis a Crime almost to
 dare to praise,
 Whole firm establish'd, and unshaken Glories
 stand,
 And proudly their own Fame command,
 Above our pow'r to lessen or to raise,
 And all, but the few Heirs of thy brave Genius,
 and thy Bays ;
 Hail mighty Founder of our Stage ! for so I dare
 Entitle thee, nor any modern Censures fear,

F 3

Nor

Nor care what thy unjust Detractors say:
 They'll say perhaps, that others did Materials
 bring,
 That others did the first Foundations lay,
 And glorious 'twas (we grant) but to begin,
 But thou alone could'st finish the design,
 All the fair Model, and the Workmanship was
 thine:
 Some bold Advent'urers might have been before,
 Who durst the unknown world explore,
 By them it was survey'd at distant view,
 And here and there a Cape, and Line they
 drew,
 Which only serv'd as hints, and marks to thee,
 Who wast reserv'd to make the full discovery:
 Art's Compass to thy painful search we owe,
 Whereby thou went'st so far, and we may after
 go,
 By that we may Wit's vast, and trackless Ocean
 try,
 Content no longer, as before,
 Dully to coast along the shore,
 But steer a course more unconfin'd, and free,
 Beyond the narrow bounds, that pent Antiquity.

II. Never

But wife, all-seeing II.

Never till thee the Theater possest
A Prince with equal pow'r, and Greatness
blest,

No Government, or Laws it had
To strengthen and establish it,

Till thy great hand the Scepter sway'd,
But groan'd under a wretched Anarchy of Wit :
Uniform'd, and void was then its Poësie,

Only some pre-existing Matter we

Perhaps could see,

That might foretel what was to be ;

A rude, and undigested Lump it lay,
Like the old *Chaos*, e'er the birth of Light, and
Day,

Till thy brave Genius like a new Creator came,

And undertook the mighty Frame ;

No shuffled Atoms did the well-built work
compose,

If from no lucky hit of blund'ring Chance arose

(As some of this great Fabrick idly dream)

But wise, all-seeing Judgment did contrive,
 And knowing Art its Graces give:
 No sooner did thy Soul with active Force and
 Fire
 The dull and heavy Mass inspire,
 But straight throughout it let us see
 Proportion, Order, Harmony,
 And every part did to the whole agree,
 And strait appear'd a beauteous new-made world
 of Poetry.

III.

Let dull, and ignorant Pretenders Art condemn
 (Those only Foes to Art, and Art to them)
 The meer Fanaticks, and Enthusiasts in Poetry
 (For Schismaticks in that, as in Religion be)
 Who make't all Revelation, Trance, and
 Dream,
 Let them despise her Laws, and think
 That Rules and Forms the Spirit stint:
 Thine was no mad, unruly Frenzy of the brain,
 Which justly might deserve the Chain,
 'Twas

'Twas brisk, and mettled, but a manag'd
Rage,

Sprightly as vigorous Youth, and cool as temperate Age;

Free, like thy Will, it did all Force disdain,

But suffer'd Reason's loose, and easie rein,

By that it suffer'd to be led,

Which did not curb Poetick Liberty, but guide:

Fancy, that wild and haggard Faculty,

Untam'd in most, and let at random fly,

Was wisely govern'd, and reclaim'd by thee,

Refrain, and Discipline was made endure,

And by thy calm and milder Judgment brought
to lure;

Yet when 'twas at some nobler Quarry sent,

With bold, and tow'ring wings it upward
went,

Not lessen'd at the greatest height,

Not turn'd by the most giddy flights of dazling
Wit.

Nature, and Art together met, and joyn'd,
 Made up the Character of thy great Mind.
 That like a bright and glorious Sphere,
 Appeard with numerous Stars embellish'd
 o'er,
 And much of Light to thee, and much of Influ-
 ence bore,
 This was the strong Intelligence, whose pow'r
 Turn'd it about, and did the unerring motions
 steer :
 Concurring both like vital Seed, and Heat,
 The noble Births they jointly did beget,
 And hard 'twas to be thought,
 Which most of force to the great Generation
 brought :
 So mingling Elements compose our Bodies
 frame,
 Fire, Water, Earth, and Air,
 Alike their just Proportions share,
 Each undistinguish'd still remains the same,
 Yet can't we say that either's here, or there,
 But all, we know not how, are scatter'd every
 where.

V. Sober

What Flow'rs of Art it had, were found

V.

Sober, and grave was still the Garb thy Muse
put on,

No tawdry careless flattern Dress,

Nor starch'd, and formal with Affectedness,

Nor the cast Mode, and Fashion of the Court, and
Town;

But neat, agreeable, and janty 'twas,

Well fitted, it sat close in every place,

And all became with an uncommon Air, and
Grace:

Rich, costly and substantial was the stuff,

Not barely smooth, nor yet too coarsly rough:

No refuse, ill-patch'd Shreds o'th' Schools,

The motly wear of read, and learned Fools,

No French Commodity which now so much
does take,

And our own better Manufacture spoil,

Nor was it ought of foreign Soil;

But Staple all, and all of *English* Growth, and
Make:

What

What Flow'rs soe'er of Art it had, were found
 No tinsel slight Embroideries,
 But all appear'd either of the native Ground,
 Or twisted, wrought, and interwoven with the
 Piece.
 VI.
 Plain Humor, shewn with her whole various
 Face,
 Not masked with any antick Dress,
 Nor scrow'd in forc'd ridiculous Grimace
 (The gaping Rabble's dull delight,
 And more the actor's than the Poet's Wit)
 Such did she enter on thy stage,
 And such was represented to the wond'ring
 Age :
 Well wast thou skill'd, and read in human
 kind,
 In every wild fantastick Passion of his mind,
 Didst into all his hidden Inclinations dive
 What each from Nature does receive,
 Or Age, or Sex, or Quality, or Country give ;
 What

What custom too, that mighty Sorcerers,
Whose pow'rful Witchcraft does transform
Enchanted Man to several monstrous Images,
Makes this an odd, and freakish Monkey turn,
And that a grave and solemn Ass appear,
And all a thousand beastly shapes of Folly wear:
Whate'er Caprice or Whimsie leads awry
Perverted, and seduc'd Mortality,
Or does incline, and byass it
From what's Discreet, and wise, and Right, and
Good and Fit;
All in thy faithful Glass were so express'd,
As if they were Reflections of thy Brest,
As if they had been stamp'd on thy own mind,
And thou the universal vast Idea of Mankind.

VII.

Never didst thou with the same Dish repeated
cloy,
Tho' every Dish, well-cook'd by thee,
Contain'd a plentiful Variety
To all that could sound relishing Palats be,
Each

Each Regale with new Delicacies did invite,
 Courted the Taſt, and rais'd the Appetite:
 Whate'er freſh dainty Fops in ſeaſon were
 To garniſh and ſet out thy Bill of Fare,
 (Thoſe never found to fail throughout the
 year,
 For ſeldom that ill-natur'd Planet rules,
 That plagues a Poet with a dearth of Fools)
 What thy ſtrict Obſervation e'er ſurvey'd,
 From the fine, luſcious Spark of high, and court-
 ly Breed,
 Down to the dull, inſipid Cit,
 Made thy pleas'd Audience entertainment fit,
 Serv'd up with all the grateful Poignancies of
 Wit.

VIII.

Moſt Plays are writ like Almanacks of late,
 And ſerve one only year, one only State;
 Another makes them uſeleſs, ſtale, and out of
 date;
 But thine were wiſely calculated fit
 For each Meridian, every Climate of Wit,
 For

For all succeeding Time, and after age,

And all Mankind might thy vast Audience sit,

And the whole World be justly made thy
Stage:

Still they shall taking be, and ever new,

Still keep in vogue in spite of all the damning
Crew:

Till the last Scene of this great Theatre,

Clos'd, and shut down,

The numerous Actors, all retire,

And the grand Play of human Life be done.

IX.

Beshrew those envious Tongues, who seek to
blast thy Bays,

Who Spots in thy Bright Fame would find,
or raise,

And say it only shines with borrow'd Rays;

Rich in thy Self, whose unbounded store

Exhausted Nature could vouchsafe no more,

Thou could'st alone the Empire of the Stage
maintain,

Couldst all its Grandeur, and its Port sustain,

Nor

80 *Upon the Works of Ben. Johnson.*

Not needst others Subsidies to pay,
Needst no Tax on foreign, or thy native Country
lay,
To bear the charges of thy purchas'd Fame,
But thy own stock could raise the same,
Thy sole Revenue all the vast Expence defray;
Yet like some mighty Conqueror in Poetry,
Design'd by Fate of choice to be
Founder of its new universal Monarchy,
Boldly thou didst the learned World invade,
Whilst all around thy pow'rful Genius sway'd,
Soon vanquish'd *Rome*, and *Greece* were made
submit,
Both were thy humble Tributaries made,
And thou return'dst in Triumph with her cap-
tive Wit.

X.

Unjust, and more ill-natur'd those,
Thy spiteful, and malicious Foes,
Who on thy happiest Talant fix a lye,
And call that Slowness, which was Care, and
Industry. Let

Let me (with Pride so to be guilty thought)
Share all thy wish'd Reproach, and share thy

shame,

If Diligence be deem'd a fault,

Is to be faultless must deserve their Blame.

Judge of thy Self alone (for none there were,

Could be so just, or could be so severe.)

Thou thy own Works didst strictly try

By known and uncontested Rules of Poetry.

And gav'st thy Sentence still impartially :

With rigor thou arraign'dst each guilty Line,

And spar'dst no criminal Sense, because 'twas
thine :

Unbrib'd with Labour, Love, or Self-conceit,

(For never, or too seldom, we

Objects too near us, our own Blemishes can see.)

Thou didst no small'st Delinquencies acquit,

But saw'st them to Correction all submit ;

Saw'st execution done on all convicted Crimes

of Wit.

Y

And that they cry 'tis Virtue, or 'tis Anger :

XL

Some curious Painter, taught by Art to dare
 (For they with Poets in that Title share)
 When he would undertake a glorious Frame
 Of lasting Worth, and fadeless as his Fame;
 Long he contrives, and weighs the bold design,
 Long holds his doubting hand e'er he begin,
 And justly then proportions every stroke, and
 line,
 And oft he brings it to review,
 And oft he does deface, and dashes oft anew,
 And mixes Oyls to make the flitting Colours
 dure,
 To keep 'em from the tarnish of injurious Time
 secure;
 Finish'd at length in all that Care, and Skill can
 do
 The matchless Piece is set to publick View,
 And all surpriz'd about it stand'ring stand,
 And tho no name be found below,
 Yet strait discern th' unimitable hand,
 And strait they cry 'tis *Titian*, or 'tis *Angelo*:

So thy brave Soul, that scorn'd all cheap, and
easie ways,

And trod no common road to Praise,
Would not with rash, and speedy Negligence
proceed,

(For who e'er saw Perfection grow in haste?
Or that soon done, which must for ever last?)

But gently did advance with wary heed,
And shew'd that mastery is most in justness
read:

Nought ever issued from thy seeming Breast,
But what had gone full time, could write exact-
ly best,

And stand the sharpest Censure, and defie the ri-
gid'st Test.

XII.

'Twas thus th' Almighty Poet (if we dare
Our weak, and meaner Acts with his com-
pare)

When he the World's fair Poem did of old design,
That Work, which now must boast no longer
date than thine;

Tho' 'twas in him alike to will, and do,
 Tho' the same Word that spoke, could make
 it rob,

Yet would he not such quick, and hasty methods
 use,

Nor did an instant (which it might) the great
 effect produce,

But when th' All-wise himself in Council sat,
 Vouchsaf'd to think and be deliberate,

When Heaven consider'd, and th' Eternal Wit,
 and Sense,

Seem'd to take time, and care, and pains,

It shew'd that some uncommon Birth,
 That something worthy of a God was coming
 forth ;

Nought uncorrect there was, naught faulty
 there,

No point amiss did in the large voluminous
 Piece appear,

And when the glorious Author all survey'd,

Survey'd whate'er his mighty Labours made,
 Well pleas'd he was to find

All answer'd the great Model, and Idea of his
 Mind :

Pleas'd

Pleas'd at himself He in high wonder stood,
And much his Power and much his Wisdom did
applaud,
To see how all was Perfect, all transcendent
Good.

XIII.

Let meaner spirits stoop to low precarious Fame,
Content on gross and coarse Applause to live,
And what the dull, and senseless Rabble give,
Thou didst it still with noble scorn contemn,
Nor wouldst that wretched Alms receive,
The poor subsistence of some bankrupt, sordid
name:
Thine was no empty Vapor, rais'd beneath,
And form'd of common Breath,
The false, and foolish Fire, that's whisk'd about
By popular Air, and glares a while, and then goes
out;
But 'twas a solid, whole, and perfect Globe of
light,
That shone all over, was all over bright,
And dar'd all fallying Clouds, and fear'd no
darkning night;

Like the gay Monarch of the Stars and Sky,
 Who wheresoe'er he does display
 His Sovereign Lustre, and Majestick Ray,
 Strait all the less, and petty Glories nigh
 Vanish, and shrink away.

O'er whelm'd, and swallow'd by the greater
 blaze of Day;

With such a strong, an awful and victorious
 Beam

Appear'd, and ever shall appear, thy Fame,
 View'd, and ador'd by all th' undoubted Race
 of Wit,

Who only can endure to look on it.

The rest o'ercame with too much light,
 With too much brightness dazled, or extin-
 guish'd quite:

Restless, and uncontroul'd it now shall pass
 As wide a course about the World as he,

And when his long-repeated Travels cease
 Begin a new, and vaster Race,

And still tread round the endless Circle of Eter-
 nity,

THE

THE NINTH
ODE
Of the Third Book of

H O R A C E
IMITATED.

A Dialogue betwixt the Poet and Lydia.

Donec gratum eram tibi, &c.

I.
Hor. **W**hile you for me alone had Charms,
And none more welcome than your Arms,
Proud with content, I lighted Crowns,
And pried Monarchs on their Thrones.

II.

Lyd. While you thought *Lydia* only fair,
 And lov'd no other Nymph but her,
Lydia was happier in your Love
 Than the bless'd Virgins are above.

III.

Hor. Now *Chloes* charming Voice, and Art
 Have gain'd the conquest of my Heart :
 For whom, ye Fates, I'd wish to die,
 If mine the Nymphs dear Life might buy.

IV.

Lyd. *Thyrsis* by me has done the same,
 The Youth burns me with mutual Flame :
 For whom a double Death I'd bear,
 Would save my dearest *Thyrsis* spare.

V. *Hor.*

V.

Hor. But say, fair Nymph, if I once more
Become your Captive as before?

Say I throw off my Chloes chain,
And take you to my nest again.

Lyd. Why then, tho he more bright appear,
More constant than a fixed Star;
Tho you than Wind more fickle be,
And rougher than the Stormy Sea.

By Heav'n, and all its Powers I vow
I'd gladly live, and die with you.

I

UPON
No force of human Pow'r can save
This happy moment from your Reign;
But

For. But say, I am more
become your Captive as before?

LADY,
And tell you to my self again,
say I know off my self again.

Who by overturning of a Coach, had
her Coats behind flung up, and
what was under shewn to the View
of the Company.

The you than Wind-more fickle be,

And rougher than the stormy Sea.

Out of Voiture.

It easily live, and die with you.

I.

P *His*, 'tis own'd, I am your Slave.

This happy moment dates your Reign;
No force of human Pow'r can save
My captive Heart, that wears your chain:

But

But when my Conquest you defin'd ;
 Pardon, bright Nymph, if I declare,
 It was unjust, and too severe,
 Thus to attack me from behind.

IV.
II.

Against the Charms, your Eyes impart,
 With care I had secur'd my Heart ;
 On all the wonders of your Face
 Could safely, and unwounded gaze ;
 But now entirely to enthrall
 My Brest, you have expos'd to view
 Another more resistless Foe,
 From which I had no guard at all,

III.

At first assault constrain'd to yield,
 My vanquish'd heart resign'd the Field,
 My Freedom to the Conqueror
 Became a prey that very hour ;

The

The subtle Traitor, who unspied
 Had lurk'd till now in close disguise,
 Lay all his life in ambush hid
 At last to Kill me by surprize.

IV.

A sudden Heat my Brest inspir'd,
 The piercing Flame, like Light'ning, sent
 From that new dawning Firmament
 Thro every Vein my Spirits fir'd;
 My Heart, before averte to Love,
 No longer could a Rebel prove;
 When on the Grass you did display
 Your radiant B u m' to my survey,
 And sham'd the Lustre of the Day.

V.

The Sun in Heav'n, abash'd to see
 A thing more gay, more bright than He,
 Struck with disgrace, as well he might,
 Thought to drive back the Steeds of Light:

His

His Beams he now thought useless grown,
 That better were by yours supplied,
 But having once seen your Back-side,
 For shame he durst not shew his own.

VI.

Forfaking every Wood, and Grove,
 The *Sylvans* ravish'd at the sight,
 In pressing Crowds about you strove,
 Gazing and lost in wonder quite:
 Fond *Zephyr* seeing your rich store
 Of Beauty undescried before,
 Enamor'd of each lovely Grace,
 Before his own dear *Flora's* Face,
 Could not forbear to kiss the place.

VII.

The beauteous Queen of Flow'rs, the Rose,
 In blushes did her shame disclose:
 Pale Lillies droop'd, and hung their Heads,
 And shrunk for fear into their Beds:
 The

The amorous Narcissus too,
 Reclam'd of fond self love by you,
 His former vain desire cashier'd,
 And your fair Breech alone admitt'd.

VIII.

When this bright Object greets our sight,
 All others lose their Lustre quite:
 Your Eyes that shoot such pointed Rays,
 And all the Beauties of your Face,
 Like dwindling Stars, that fly away
 At the approach of brighter Day,
 No more regard, or value bare,
 But when its Glories disappear.

IX.

Of some ill Qualities they tell,
 Which justly give me cause to fear;
 But that, which most begets despair,
 It has no sense of Love at all.

More

More hard than Adamant is
 They say, that no Impression takes,
 It has no Ears, nor any Eyes,
 And rarely, very rarely speaks.

As if to divine you
 X.

Yet I must lov't, and own my Flame,
 Which to the world I thus rehearse,
 Throughout the spacious coasts of Fame
 To stand recorded in my Verse :

No other subject, or design
 Henceforth shall be my Muses Theme,
 But with just Praises to proclaim
 The fairest A R S E, that e'er was seen.

XI.

In pity gentle *Phyllis* hide
 The dazling Beams of your Back-side ;
 For should they shine unclouded long,
 All human kind would be undone.

Not

Not the bright Goddesses on high,
 That reign above the starry Sky,
 Should they turn up to open view
 All their immortal Tails, can shew
 An Arse h— so divine as you.

Yet I must joy, and own my Flame,

Which for the world I thus reneale,

Throughout the spacious coasts of Time

To stand recorded in my Verse:

No other subject, or design

Henceforth shall be my Muses Theme,

And this my only business to proclaim.

CATULLUS

The last of A. 1. 2. 3. 4. 5. 6. 7. 8. 9. 10. 11. 12.

XI.

In my private Room, I have

The darling Beams of your Back

For should they in the world be seen,

All human kind would be undone.

CATULLUS

EPIGR. VII.

IMITATED.

Quæris quot mihi Basiattonis, &c.

NAY, *Lesbia*, never ask me this,
How many Kisses will suffice?

Faith, 'tis a question hard to tell,

Exceeding hard; for you as well

May ask what sums of Gold suffice

The greedy Miser's boundless Wish:

Think what drops the Ocean store,

With all the Sands, that make its Shore:

Think what Spangles deck the Skies,

When Heaven looks with all its Eyes:

H

Or

Or think how many Atoms came

To compose this mighty Frame :

Let all these the Counters be,
To tell how oft I'm kiss'd by thee:

Till no malicious Spy can guess
To what vast height the Scores arise;

Till weak Arithmetick grow scant,
And numbers for the reck'ning want:

All these will hardly be enough

For me stark staring mad with Love.

Faith, tis a question hard to tell.

Exceeding hard; for you as well

May ask what sums of Gold suffice

Somebody Miller's pounders With

I think what drops the Ocean store;

With all the Sands, that make its Shore;

I think what Spangles deck the Skies;

When Heaven looks with all its Eyes;

I hate my self, but yet in spite of Hate
 I am rais'd to be that loathed thing I hate;

in vain I would shake off this load of Love,
 Too hard to bear, yet harder to remove:

SOME ELEGIES

OF
 OVID'S Amours.

IMITATED.

BOOK II. ELEGY IV.

That he loves Women of all sorts and sizes.

Non ego mendosos ausim defendere mores; &c.

NOT I, I never vainly durst pretend,
 My Follies, and my Frailties to defend:
 I own my Faults, if it avail to own,
 While like a graceless wretch I still go on:

One H I hate

I hate my self, but yet in spite of Fate
 Am fain to be that loathed thing I hate;
 In vain I would shake off this load of Love,
 Too hard to bear, yet harder to remove:
 I want the strength my fierce Desires to stem,
 Hurried away by the impetuous stream.
 'Tis not one Face alone subdues my Heart,
 But each wears Charms, and every Eye a Dart:
 And wheresoe'er I cast my Looks abroad,
 In every place I find Temptations strow'd.
 The modest kills me with her down-cast Eyes,
 And Love his ambush lays in that disguise.
 The brisk allures me with her gait,
 And shews how Active she in Bed will be:
 If Coy, like cloister'd Virgins, she appears,
 She but dissembles, what she most desires.
 If she be vers'd in Arts, and deeply read,
 I long to get a Learned Maidenhead:
 Or if untaught, and Ignorant she be,
 She takes me then with her simplicity:
 One

ELEGIES.

101

One likes my Verses, and commends each Line,
 And swears that *Comely's* are but dull to mine:
 Her in meer Gratitude I must approve,
 For who, but would his kind Applauder love?
 Another damns my Poetry and me,
 And plays the Critick most judiciously:
 And she too fires my Heart, and she too charms,
 And I'm agog to have her in my arms.
 One with her soft and wanton Trip does please,
 And prints in every step, she sets, a Grace;
 Another walks with stiff ungainly tread;
 But she may learn more pliantness abed,
 This sweetly sings; her Voice does Love inspire,
 And ev'ry Breath kindles, and blows the fire:
 Who can forbear to kiss those Lips, whose sound
 The ravish'd Ears does with such softness
 wound?
 That sweetly plays: and while her Fingers
 move,
 While o'er the bounding Strings their touches
 rove,
 My Heart leaps, too and every Pulse beats
 Love:

H

What

What Reason is so pow'rful to withstand,
 The magick force of that resistless Hand,
 Another dances to a Miracle,
 And moves her numerous Limbs with graceful
 skill:
 And she, or else the Devil's in't must charm,
 A touch of her would bed-rid Hermits warm,
 If tall; I guess what plenteous Game she'll yield,
 Where Pleasure ranges o're so wide a Field;
 If low; she's pretty: both alike invite,
 The Dwarf, and Giant both my wishes fit,
 Undress'd; I think how killing she'd appear,
 If arm'd with all Advantages she were:
 Richly attir'd; she's the gay bait of Love,
 And knows with Art to set her Beauties off.
 I like the Fair, I like the Red-hair'd one,
 And I can find attractions in the Brown;
 If curling Jet adorn her Snowy Neck,
 The beauteous Leda is reported Black:

If

If curling Gold; *Aurora's* painted so:

All sorts of Histories my Love does know.

I like the young with all her blooming Charms,

And Age it self is welcome to my Arms:

There uncropt Beauty in it's flow'r affails,

Experience here, and riper sense prevails.

In fine, whatever of the Sex are known

To stock this spacious and well-furnish'd Town;

Whatever any single man can find

Agreeable of all the num'rous kind:

At all alike my haggard Love does fly,

And each is Game, and each a Miss for me.

BOOK II. ELEGY V.

To his Mistress that jilted him.

Nulla amor tanti est: abest pharetrate Cupido, &c.

NAY then the Devil take all Love! if I
So oft for its damn'd sake must wish to
die!

What can I wish for but to die, when you,
Dear faithless Thing, I find, could prove untrue?
Why am I curs'd with Life? why am I fain
For thee, false Jilt, to bear eternal Pain?

'Tis not thy Letters, which thy Crimes reveal,
Nor secret Presents, which thy Falshood tell:
Would God! my just suspicions wanted cause,
That they might prove less fatal to my ease:
Would God! less colour for thy guilt there were,
But that (alas!) too much of proof does bear:

Bless'd

Bless'd he, who what he loves can justify
 To whom his Mistresses can the Fact deny,
 And boldly give his Jealousie the lye: won but
 Cruel the man, and uncompassionate, lls bnA
 And too indulgent to his own Regret, y wal I
 Who seeks to have her guilt too manifest, YMOY
 And with the murd'ring secret stabs his Rest,
 I saw, when little you suspected me,
 When sleep, you thought, gave opportunity,
 Your Crimes I saw, and these unhappy eyes
 Of all your hidden stealths were Witnesses:
 I saw in signs your mutual Wishes read,
 And Nods the message of your hearts convey'd:
 I saw the conscious Board, which writ all o'er
 With scrawls of Wine, Loves mystick Cypher
 bore:
 Your glances were not mute, but each be-
 tray'd,
 And with your Fingers Dialogue were made
 I understood the Language out of hand,
 (For what's too hard for Love to understand?
 said T

Full

ЗАДАЧА

UMI

ELEGIES

for

This, and much more I said, by Rage inspir'd,
While conscious Shame her Cheeks with Blushes
fir'd:

Such lovely stains the face of Heav'n adorn,
When Light's first blushes paint the bashful
Morn:

So on the Bush the flaming Rose does glow,
When mingled with the Lillies neighb'ring
Snow:

This, or some other Colour, much like these,
The semblance then of her Complexion was:

And while her Looks that sweet Disorder wore,
Chance added Beauties undisclos'd before:

Upon the ground she cast her jetty Eyes,
Her Eyes shot fiercer Darts in that Disguise:

Her Face a sad and mournful Air express'd,
Her face more lovely seem'd in sadness dress'd:

Urg'd by Revenge, I hardly could forbear,
Her braided Locks, and tender Cheeks to tear:

Yet I no sooner had her Face survey'd,
But strait the tempest of my Rage was laid:

A look

A look of her did my resentments charm,
 A look of her, did all their Force disarm:
 And I, that fierce outrageous thing ere-while,
 Grow calm as Infants, when in sleep they smile:
 And now a Kiss am humbly fain to crave,
 And beg no worse than she my Rival gave:
 She smil'd, and strait a throng of Kisses prest,
 The worst of which, should *Love* himself but
 taste,
 The brandish'd Thunder from his Hand
 would wrest:
 Well pleas'd I was, and yet tormented too,
 For fear my envied Rival felt them so:
 Better they seem'd by far than I e'er taught,
 And she in them shew'd something new me-
 thought:
 Fond jealous I myself the Pleasure grutch,
 And they displeas'd, because they pleas'd too
 much:
 When in my mouth I felt her darting Tongue,
 My wounded Thoughts it with suspicion stung:

When the you see mine
 Nor
 ex. *mean*

Nor is it this alone afflicts my mind,

More reason for complaint remain behind:

I grieve not only that she Kisses gave,

Tho' that affords me cause enough to grieve:

Such never could be taught her but in Bed,

And Heav'n knows what Reward her Teacher
had.

Acquainting him, that he is in Love with
Two at one time.

To mislead, to cheat (memento) Quaint, beguiling, &c.

Book I
You, my Friend, and heard it told by

No Man at once could ever well love two:

But I was much deceiv'd upon this score;

For single I at once love one, and more.

Two at one time reign jointly in my Breast,

Both handsome are, both charming, both well

And hang me, if I know, which takes me best:

When he says so

Not is it this alone afflicts my mind,

More reason for complaint remain behind:

I grieve not only that the Kisses gave,

BOOK II. ELEGY X.

~~Such never could be taught her but in Bed,~~

And Heav'n knows what Revels her Teacher had.

To a Friend,

Acquainting him, that he is in Love with
two at one time.

Tu mihi, tu certè (mami) Gratias, negabas, &c.

IVE heard, my Friend, and heard it said by
you,

No Man at once could ever well love two:

But I was much deceiv'd upon that score,

For single I at once love one, and more:

Two at one time reign joyntly in my Breast,
Both handsom are, both charming, both well-
dress'd

And hang me, if I know, which takes me best:

This

This fairer in then this, and than this, I
 That more than this, and this than this does
 Please :

Toft, like a Ship, by different gusts of Love,
 Now to this point, and now to that I move.

Why, Love, why dost thou double thus my
 Pains ?

Was't not enough to bear one Tyrant's chains ?

Why, Goddess, dost thou vainly lavish more
 On one, that was top-ful of Love before ?

Yet thus I'd rather love, than not at all,

May that ill Curse my Enemies befall

May my worst I be be damnd to love or none,

Be damnd to Convinence, and to alone

Let Loves alarm each night disturb my Rest,

And drowsie sleep never approach my Breast

Or strait-way chance be by new Pleasure

Let Pleasures in succession keep my Senses

Ever awake, or ever in a Trance

Let me lie melting in my fair One's Arms,

Riot in blifs, and surfeit on her Charms :

Let

Let her hands me there without controul, and
 Drain Nature quite, suck out my very Soul;
 And, if by one I can't enough be drawn,
 Give me another, clap more Leeches on;
 The Goats have made me of the sporting kind,
 And for the Feat my Pliant Limbs design'd:
 What Nature has in Bulk to me denied,
 In Sinews, and in vigor is supplied:
 And should my Streight be wanting to desire,
 Pleasure would add new Fuel to the Fire;
 Oft, in soft Battels have I spent the Night,
 Yet rose next Morning vig'rous for the Fight,
 Fresh as the Day, and as alive as the Light,
 No Maid, that ever under me took pay,
 From my Embrace went unoblig'd away.
 Bless'd he, who in Loves service yields his
 Breath,
 Grant me, ye Gods, so sweet, so wish'd a death!
 In bloody Fields let Soldiers meet their Fate,
 To purchase dear bought Honor at the rate:

Let

Let greedy Merchants trust the faithless Main,
And shipwrack Life and Soul for sordid gain:

Dying, let me expire in gasps of Lust,
And in a gush of Joy give up the ghost:

And some kind pitying Friend shall say of me,
So did he live, and so deserv'd to die.

I

A

Fada est in coitu, & brevis voluptas, &c.

Like

Like Beasts; who nothing better know,
Than what meer Lust incites them to :
For when in Floods of Love we're drench'd,
The Flames are by enjoyment quench'd :
But thus, lets thus together lie,
And kiss out long Eternity :
Here we dread no conscious spies,
No blushes stain our guiltless Joys ;
Here no Faintness dulls Desires,
And Pleasure never flags, nor tires :
This has pleas'd, and pleases now,
And for Ages will do so :
Enjoyment here is never done,
But fresh, and always but begun.

AN
ODE
OF
ANACREON,
PARAPHRAS'D.

The C U P.

Tὸν ἀπρὸς τοῖς ποταμοῖς, &c.

MAke me a Bowl, a mighty Bowl,
Large, as my capacious Soul,
Vast, as my thirst is; let it have
Depth enough to be my Grave;

I mean,

An ODE of Anacreon.

117

I mean the Grave of all my Care,
For I intend to bury't there,
Let it of Silver fashion'd be,
Worthy of Wine, worthy of Me,
Worthy to adorn the Spheres,
As that bright Cup amongst the Stars:
That Cup which Heaven deign'd a place;
Next the Sun its greatest Grace.
Kind Cup! that to the Stars did go,
To light poor Drunkards here below:
Let mine be so, and give me light,
That I may drink, and revel by't:
Yet draw no shapes of Armour there,
No Cask, nor Shield, nor Sword, nor Sphere,
Nor Wars of *Thebes*, nor Wars of *Troy*,
Nor any other martial Toy:
For what do I vain Armour prize,
Who mind not such rough Exercise,
But gentler Sieges, softer Wars,
Fights, that cause no Wounds, or Scars?

I'll have no Battels on my Plate,
Left sight of them should Brawls create,
Left that provoke to Quarrels too,
Which wine it self enough can do,
Draw me no Constellations there,
No Ram, nor Bull, nor Dog, nor Bear,
Nor any of that monstrous fry
Of Animals, which stock the Sky:
For what are Stars to my Design,
Stars, which I, when drunk, out-shine,
Out-shone by every drop of Wine?
I lack no Pole-Star on the Brink,
To guide in the wide Sea of Drink,
But would for ever there be tost;
And with no Haven, seek no Coast.
Yet, gentle Artist, if thou'lt try
Thy Skill, then draw me (let me see)
Draw me first a spreading Vine,
Make its Arms the Bowl entwine,

With

With kind embraces, such as I

Twist about my loving she.

Let its Boughs o're-spread above
Scenes of Drinking, Scenes of Love:

Draw next the Patron of that Tree,

Draw *Bacchus*, and soft *Cupid* by;

Draw them both in toping Shapes,

Their Temples crown'd with cluster'd Grapes:

Make them lean against the Cup,

As 'twere to keep their Figures up:

And when their reeling Forms I view,

I'll think them drunk, and be so too:

The Gods shall my examples be,

The Gods, thus drunk in Effigy.

An Allusion to
MARTIAL

BOOK I. EPIG. 118.

A Soft, Sir *Tradewell*, as we meet,
 You'r sure to ask me in the street,
 When you shall send your Boy to me,
 To fetch my Book of Poetry,
 And promise you'll but read it o'er,
 And faithfully the Loan restore :
 But let me tell ye as a Friend,
 You need not take the pains to send ;
 'Tis a long way to where I dwell,
 At farther end of *Clarkenwell* :

There

There in a Garret near the Sky,
Above five pare of Stairs I lie.
But, if you'd have, what you pretend,
You may procure it nearer hand:
In *Cornhil*, where you often go,
Hard by th' *Exchange*, there is, you know,
A Shop of Rhime, where you may see
The Posts all clad in Poetry;
There *H*—— lives of high renown,
The notedst *P O R Y* in the Town:
Where, if you please, enquire for me,
And he, or's Prentice, presently
From the next Shelf will reach you down
The Piece well bound for half a Crown:
The Price is much too dear, you cry,
To give for both the Book, and me:
Yes doubtless, for such vanities,
We know, Sir, you are too too wise.

THE DREAM.

Written, *March 10. 1677.*

L Ate as I on my Bed reposing lay,
And in soft sleep forgot the Toils of Day,
My self, my Cares, and Love, all charm'd to Rest,
And all the Tumults of my waking Brest,
Quiet and calm, as was the silent Night,
Whose stillness did to that bless'd sleep invite;
I dreamt, and strait this visionary Scene
Did with delight my fancy entertain.

I saw methought, a lonely Privacy,
Remote alike from man's, and Heavens Eye,

Girt

Girt with the covert of a shady Grove,

Dark as my thoughts, and secret as my Love:

Hard by a Stream did with that softness creep,

As 'twere by its own murmurs hush asleep;

On its green Bank under a spreading Tree,

At once a pleasant, and a shelt'ring Canopy,

There I, and there my dear *Cosmelia* sat,

Not envied Monarchs in our safe Retreat:

So heretofore were the first Lovers laid

On the same Turf of which themselves were

made.

A while I did her charming Glories view,

Which to their former Conquests added new;

A while my wanton hand was pleas'd to rove

Thro all the hidden Labyrinths of Love;

Ten thousand Kisses on her Lips I fix'd,

Which she with interfering Kisses mix'd,

Eager as those of Lovers are in Death,

When they give up their Souls too with the

Breath.

Love by these Freedoms first became more
bold,

At length unruly, and too fierce to hold:

See then? said I, and pity, charming Fair,
 Yield quickly, yield, I can no longer bear
 Th' impatient Sallies of a Bliss so near:
 You must, and you alone these storms appease,
 And lay those Spirits which your Charms could raise;
 Come, and in equal Floods let's quench our flames;
 Come let's — and unawares I went to name
 The Thing, but stopt and blush'd methought
 in Dream.

At first she did the rude Address disown,
 And check'd my Boldness with an angry Frown,
 But yielding Glances, and consenting Eyes
 Prov'd the soft Traitors to her forc'd Disguise;
 And soon her looks with anger rough e'er
 while,
 Sunk in the dimples of a calmer smile:
 Then with a sigh into these words she broke,
 And Printed melting Kisses as she spoke:
 Too strong, Philander, is thy powerful Art
 To take a feeble Maids ill-guarded Heart;

Too

Too long I've struggled with my Bliss in vain,
 Too long oppos'd what I oft wish'd to gain,
 Loath to consent, yet loather to deny,
 At once I court, and shun Felicity:
 I cannot, will not yield;—and yet I must,
 Lest to my own Desires I prove unjust;
 Sweet Ravisher! what Love commands thee, do;
 Tho' I'm displeas'd, I shall forgive thee too,
 Too well thou know'st;—and there my hand she
 press'd,
 And said no more, but blusht and smil'd the
 rest.
 Ravish'd at the new grant, fierce eager I
 Leap'd furious on, and seiz'd my trembling Prey;
 With guarding Arms she first my Force repell'd,
 Shrunk, and drew back, and would not seem
 to yield;
 Unwilling to o'come, she faintly strove,
 One hand pull'd to, what t'other did remove:
 So feeble are the struglings, and so weak
 In sleep we seem, and only sleep to make:

For

Forbear! (she said) Ah, gentle Touch, forbear!
(And still she hug'd and clasp'd me still more
near)

Ah! will you? will you force my Ruin so?

Ah! do not, do not, do not; — let me go.

What follow'd was above the pow'r of Verse,
Above the reach of Fancy to rehearse:
Not dying Saints enjoy such Extasies,
When they in Vision antedate their Bliss;
Not Dreams of a young Prophet are so bless'd,
When holy Trances first inspire his Breast,
And the God enters their to be a Guest.
Let duller Mortals other Pleasures prize,
Pleasures which enter at the waking Eyes,
Might I each Night such sweet Enjoyments
find,
I'd wink for ever, be for ever blind.

A
SATYR
TOUCHING
NOBILITY.

Out of Monsieur BOILEAU

TIS granted, that Nobility in Man,
Is no wild flutt'ring Notion of the
Brain,
Where he, descended of an ancient Race,
Which a long train of numerous Worthies grace,
By Virtues Rules guiding his stiddy Course,
Traces the steps of his bright Ancestors.
But yet I can't endure an haughty Ass,
Debauch'd with Luxury, and sloathful Ease,

Who

Who besides empty Titles of high Birth,
 Has no pretence to any thing of Worth,
 Shou'd proudly wear the Fame, which others
 fought,
 And boast of Honour which himself ne'er got.
 I grant, the Acts which his Forefathers did
 Have furnish'd matter for old *Hollinshead*,
 For which their Scutcheon, by the Conqueror
 grant'd
 Still bears a *Lion Rampant* for its Crest:
 But what does this vain mass of Glory boot
 To be the Branch of such a noble Root,
 If he of all the Heroes of his Line
 Which in the Register of Story shine,
 Can offer nothing to the World's regard,
 But mouldy Parchments which the Worms have
 spar'd?
 If sprung, as he pretends, of noble Race,
 He does his own Original disgrace,
 And, swoln with selfish Vanity and Pride,
 To greatness has no other claim beside,

But

But squanders life, and sleeps away his days,
Dissolv'd in sloth, and steep'd in sensual ease?

Mean while to see how much the Arrogant
Boasts the false Lustre of his high descent,
You'd fancy him Comptroller of the Sky,
And fram'd by Heav'n of other Clay than me.

Tell me, great Hero, you, that would be
thought

So much above the mean, and humble Rout.
Of all the Creatures which do men esteem?
And which would you your self the noblest
deem?

Put case of Horse: no doubt, you'll answer strait,
The Racer, which has often't won the Plate:
Who full of mettle and of sprightly Fire,
Is never distanc'd in the fleet Career:

Him all the Rivals of *New-market* dread,
And crowds of Vent'urers stake upon his Head;
But if the breed of *Dragon*, often cast,
Degenerate, and prove a Jade at last;
Nothing of Honour, or respect (we see)
Is had of his high Birth, and Pedigree:

But maugre all his great Progenitors,
The worthless Brute is Banish'd from the
Course,
Condemned for Life to ply the dirty Road,
To drag some Cart, or bear some Carrier's
Load.

Then how can you with any sense expect
That I should be so silly to respect
The ghost of Honour perish'd long ago,
That's quite extinct, and lives no more in you?
Such gaudy Trifles with the Fools may pass,
Caught with meer shew, and vain appearances:
Virtue's the certain Mark, by heaven design'd,
That's always stamp'd upon a noble mind:
If you from such illustrious Worthies came,
By copying them your high Extract proclaim:
Shew us those generous Heats of Galantry,
Which Ages past did in those Worthys see;
That zeal for Honour, and that brave disdain,
Which scorn'd to do an Action base, or mean
Do you apply your Interest aright,
Not to oppress the Poor with wrongful Might?

Would

Would you make Conscience to pervert the
Laws,

Tho' brib'd to do't, or urg'd by your own Cause?
Dare you, when justly call'd, expend your Blood
In service for your King's and Countries good?
Can you in open Field in Armour sleep;
And there meet danger in the ghastliest shape?

By such illustrious Marks as these, I find,
You're truly issued of a noble kind:
Then fetch your Line from *Albanact* or *Kenic*;
Or, if these are to fresh, from older *Brute*:
At leisure search all History to find
Some great and glorious Warriour to your mind:
Take *Cæsar*, *Alexander*, which you please,
To be the mighty Founder of your Race:
In vain the World your Parentage bely,
That was, or should have been your Pedigree.

But, if you could with ease derive your Kind
From *Hercules* himself in a right Line;
If yet there nothing in your Actions be,
Worthy the name of your high Progeny;

All these great Ancestors, which you disgrace,
Against you are a cloud of Witnesses :

And all the Lustre of their tarnish'd Fame
Serves but to light and manifest your Shame :

In vain you urge the merit of your Race,
And boast that Blood, which you your selves de-
base.

In vain you borrow, to adorn your Name,
The Spoils, and Plunder of another's Fame;
If, where I look'd for something Great, and
Brave,

I meet with nothing but a Fool, or Knave,
A Traitor, Villain, Sycophant, or Slave,
A freakish Madman, fit to be confin'd,
Whom *Bedlam* only can to order bind,
Or (to speak all at once) a barren Limb,
And rotten branch of an illustrious Stem.

But I am too severe, perhaps you'll think,
And mix too much of Satyr with my Ink :
We speak to men of Birth, and Honor here,
And those nice Subjects must be touch'd with
care :

Cry

Cry mercy, Sirs! Your Race, we grant, is known;
But how far backwards can you trace it down?

You answer: For at least a thousand year,
And some odd hundreds you can make't ap-
pear:

Tis much: But yet in short the proofs are clear:

All Books with your Fore-fathers Titles shine,
Whose names have escap'd the general wreck of
Time:

But who is there so bold, that dares engage
His Honor, that in this long Tract of Age

No one of all his Ancestors deceas'd
Had e'er the fate to find a Bride unchast?

That they have all along *Lucretia's* been,
And nothing e'er of spurious Blood crept in,
To mingle and defile the Sacred Line?

Curs'd be the day, when first this vanity
Did primitive simplicity destroy,
In the blest state of infant time, unknown,
When Glory sprung from Innocence alone:

Each from his merit only Title drew,
And that alone made Kings, and Nobles too :
Then, scorning borrow'd Helps to prop his
Name,
The Hero from himself deriv'd his Fame :
But merit by degenerate time at last,
Saw Vice ennobled, and her self debas'd ;
And haughty Pride false pompous Titles feign'd,
T'amuse the World, and Lord it o'er mankind :
Thence the vast Herd of Earls, and Barons came,
For Virtue each brought nothing but a Name :
Soon after Man, fruitful in Vanities,
Did Blazoning and Armory devise,
Founded a College for the Herald's Art,
And made a Language of their Terms apart,
Compos'd of frightful words, of *Chief*, and *Base*,
Of *Chevron*, *Saltier*, *Canton*, *Bend*, and *Fess*,
And whatsoe'er of hideous Jargon else
Mad *Guilliam*, and his barbarous Volume fills.

Then farther the wild Folly to pursue,
Plain down-right Honor out of fashion grew :

But

But to keep up its Dignity, and Birth,
Expendence, and Luxury must set it forth:
It must inhabit stately Palaces,
Distinguish Servants by their Liveries,
And carrying vast Retinues up and down,
The Duke and Earl be by their Pages known.
Thus Honor to support it self is brought
To its last shifts, and thence the Art has got
Of borrowing every where, and paying
nought:

'Tis now thought mean, and much beneath a
Lord

To be an honest Man, and keep his Word;
Who, by his Peerage, and Protection safe,
Can plead the Privilege to be a Knave:

While daily Crowds of starving Creditors
Are forc'd to dance attendance at his doors:
Till he at length with all his mortgag'd Lands
Are forfeited into the Bankers hands:

Then to redress his wants, the bankrupt Peer
To some rich trading Sot, turns Pensioner:

And the next News, you're sure to here that he
Is nobly wed into the Company:

Where for a portion of ill-gotten Gold,
Himself and all his Ancestors are sold:

And thus repairs his broken Family
At the expence of his own Infamy.

For if you want estate to set it forth,
In vain you boast the Splendor of your Birth:
Your priz'd Gentility for madness goes,

And each your Kindred shuns and disavows:
But he that's rich is prais'd at his full rate,
And tho he once cry'd *Small-coal* in the street,
Tho he, nor one of his e'er mention'd were,
But in the Parish-Book, or Register.

D———/e by help of Chronicle shall trace
An hundred Barons of his ancient Race.

A

A SATYR

*Address'd to a Friend that is about
to leave the University, and
come abroad in the World.*

IF you're so out of love with Happiness,
To quit a College-life, and learned ease;
Convince me first, and some good Reasons give,
What methods and designs you'll take to live:
For such Resolves are needful in the Case,
Before you tread the worlds mysterious Maze:
Without the Premises in vain you'll try
To live by Systems of Philosophy:
Your *Aristotle*, *Cartes*, and *Le-Grand*,
And *Euclid* too in little stead will stand.

How

How many men of choice, and noted parts,
Well fraught with Learning, Languages, and
Arts,

Designing high Preferment in their mind,
And little doubting good success to find,
With vast and tow'ring thoughts have flock'd
to Town,

But to their cost soon found themselves undone,
Now to repent, and starve at leisure left,
Of Miseries last Comfort, Hope, bereft?

*These fail'd for want of Good Advice, you cry,
Because at first they fix'd on no employ:*

Well then, let's draw the Prospect, and the
Scene

To all advantage possibly we can:

The world lies now before you, let me hear,
What course your Judgment counsels you to
steer:

Always consider'd, that your whole Estate,
And all your Fortune lies beneath your Hat:

Were you the Son of some rich Usurer,
That starv'd, and damn'd himself to make his
Heir,

Left

Left nought to do, but to interr the Sor,
And spend with ease what he with pains had
got ;

Twere easie to advise how you might live,
Nor would there need instruction then to give :
But you, that boast of no Iheritance,
Save that small stock, which lies within your
Brains,

Learning must be your Trade, and therefore
weigh

With heed, how you your Game the best may
play ;

Bethink your self a while, and then propose
What way of Life is fitt'st for you to choose.

If you for Orders, and a Gown design,
Consider only this, dear Friend of mine,

The Church is grown so over stock'd of late,
That if you walk abroad, you'll hardly meet
More Porters now than Parsons in the street.

At every Corner they are forc'd to ply

For Jobs of hawking Divinity :

And half the number of the Sacred Herd

Are fain to strowl, and wander unpreferr'd :

If

If this, or thoughts of such a weighty Charge
Make you resolve to keep your self at large;
For want of better opportunity,
A School must your next Sanctuary be:
Go, wed some Grammar-Bridewel, and a Wife,
And there beat *Greek*, and *Latin* for your life:
With birchen Scepter there command at will,
Greater then *Busby's* self, or Doctor *Gill*:
But, who would be to the vile Drudg^{ry} bound,
Where there so small encouragement is found?
Where you for recompence of all your pains
Shall hardly reach a common Fidler's gains?
For when you've toil'd, and labour'd all you can,
To dung, and cultivate a barren Brain:
A Dancing-Master shall be better paid,
Tho he instructs the Heels, and you the Head;
To such Indulgence are kind Parents grown,
That nought costs less in breeding then a Son:
Nor is it hard to find a Father now,
Shall more upon a Setting dog allow:

And

And with a freer hand reward the Care
Of training up his Spaniel, than his Heir.

Some think themselves exalted to the Sky,
If they light in some noble Family :
Diet, an Horse, and thirty pounds a year,
Besides th' advantage of his Lordships ear,
The credit of the business, and the State,
Are things that in a Youngster's Sense sound
great.

Little the unexperienc'd Wretch does know,
What slavery he oft must undergo :
Who tho in silken Scarf, and Cassock drest,
Wears but a gayer Livery at best !
When Dinner calls, the Implement must wait
With holy Words to consecrate the Meat :
But hold it for a Favour seldom known,
If he bedeign'd the Honor to sit down,
Soon as the Tarts appear, Sir *Crape*, withdraw !
Those Dainties are not for a spiritual Maw :
Observe your distance, and be sure to stand
Hard by the Cistern with your Cap in hand :

There

There for diversion you may pick your Teeth;
 Till the kind Volder comes for your Relief: O
 For meer Board-wages such their Freedom sell;
 Slaves to an Hour and Vassals to a Bell:
 And if the enjoyment of one day be stole,
 They are but Pris'ners out upon Parole:
 Always the marks of slavery remain,
 And they, tho loose still drag about their Chain.

And where's the mighty Prospect after all,
 A Chaplainship serv'd up, and seven years Thrall?
 The menial thing perhaps for a Reward
 Is to some slender Benefice preferr'd,
 With this Provifo bound, that he must wed }
 My Ladies antiquated Waiting-Maid, }
 In Dressing only skill'd, and Marmalade. }

Let others who such meannesses can brook,
 Strike Countenance to every Great Man's Look;
 Let those that have a mind, turn slaves to eat,
 And live contented by another's Plate:

I rate my Freedom higher nor will I
For Food and rayment truck my Liberty.
But, if I must to my last shifts be put,
To fill a Bladder, and twelve yards of Gut ;
Rather with counterfeited wooden Leg,
And my right Arm tied up, I'll chose to beg :
I'll rather chuse to starve at large, than be
The gawdiest Vassal to Dependency.

'T has ever been the top of my Desires,
The utmost height to which my wish aspires,
That Heav'n would bless me with a small
Estate,

Where I might find a close obscure retreat ;
Their free from Noise, and all ambitious ends,
Enjoy a few choice Books, and fewer Friends,
Lord of my self, accountable to none,
But to my Conscienc, and my God alone :
There live unthought of, and unheard of, die,
And grudg Mankind my very memory.
But since the Blessing is (I find) too great
For me to wish for, or expect of Fate :

Yet

Yet, maugre all the spight of Destiny,
 My Thoughts, and Actions are, and shall be free.
 A certain Author, very grave, and sage,
 This Story tells: no matter, what the Page.

One time, as they walk'd forth e'er break of
 day,

The Wolf, and Dog encounterd on the way:
 Famish'd the one, meager, and lean of plight,
 As a cast Poet, who for Bread does write:
 The other fat, and plump, as Prebend, was,
 Pamper'd with Luxury, and holy Ease.

Thus met, with Complements, too long to
 tell,

Of being glad to see each other well:

*How now, Sir Towzer? (said the Wolf) I pray,
 Whence comes it, that you look so sleek and gay?*

*While I, who do as well (I am sure) deserve,
 For want of livelyhood am like to starve?*

*Troth Sir (replied the Dog) 'thas been my Fate,
 I thank the friendly Stars, to hap of late*

On a kind Master, to whose care I owe

All this good Flesh, where with you see me now:

From

From his rich Volder every day I'm fed
 With Ropes of Fowls, and Crusts of finest Bread;
 With Fricassee, Ragoust, and whatsoe'er
 Of costly Kickshaws now in fashion are,
 And more variety of Boil'd and Roast,
 Than a Lord Mayor's Waiter e'er could boast.
 Then, Sir, 'tis hardly credible to tell,
 How I'm respected, and belov'd by all:
 I'm the Delights of the whole Family,
 Not darling Shock more Favourite than I:
 I never sleep abroad, to Air expos'd,
 But in my warm apartment am inclos'd:
 There on fresh Bed of Straw, with Canopy
 Of Hutch above, like Dog of State I lie.
 Besides, when with high Fare, and Nature fir'd,
 To generous Sports of Touth I am inspir'd,
 All the proud shees are soft to my Embrace
 From Bitch of Quality down to Turn-spit Race:
 Each day I try new Mistresses and Loves,
 Nor envy Sovereign Dogs in their Alcoves.

Thus happy I of all enjoy the best,
 No mortal can on Earth yet half so blest:
 And farther to enhance the Happiness,
 All this I get by idleness, and ease.

Troth! (said the Wolf) I envy your Estate
 Would to the Gods it were but my good Fate,
 That I might happily admitted be
 A Member of your blest Society!
 I would with Faithfulness discharge my place
 In any thing that I might serve his Grace:
 But, think you, Sir, it would be feasible,
 And that my Application might prevail?

Do but endeavour, Sir, you need not doubt;
 I make no question but to bring's about:
 Only rely on me, and rest secure,
 I'll serve you to the utmost of my Pow'r;
 As I'm a Dog of Honor, Sir: — but this
 I only take the Freedom to advise,
 That you'd a little lay your Roughness by,
 And learn to practise Complaisance, like me.

For

For that let me alone, I'll have a curage I will not
 And top my part, I'll have a curage I will not
 There's not a Courtier of them all shall give it
 For fawning, and for suppling with me, but I will
 And thus resolv'd at last, the Travellers
 Towards the House together shape their course
 The Dog, who breeding well did understand,
 In walking gives his Ghost the upper hand
 And as they walk along, they all the while
 With Mirth, and pleasant Rallery beguile
 The tedious Time, and Way, till day drew
 And Light came on; by which did soon ap-
 The Mastiff's Neck to view all worn and bare.

This when his Comrade spi'd, *What means*
 (said he)
This Circle bare, which round your Neck I see?
If I may be so bold; — Sir, you must know,
That I at first was rough, and fierce, like you,
Of Nature curs'd, and often apt to bite
Strangers, and Else, who ever came in sight:

For this I was tied up, and underwent
 The Whip sometimes, and such light Chastisement.
 Till I at length by Discipline grew tame,
 Gentle, and tractable; as now I am.
 'Twas by this sort, and slight severity
 I gain'd these Marks and Badges, which you see.
 But what are they? Allons Monsieur! let's go.
 Not one step farther: Sir, excuse me now.
 Much joy I've of your twined, bless'd Estate.
 I will not buy preferment at that rate.
 A Gods name, take your golden Chains for me.
 Faith, I'd not be a King, not to be free.
 Sir Dog, your humble Servant, so Godbw'y.

SOME

Not is her Text too late to know
As dull Divines, and holy Canters do;
Sheets what she's doing in this State;
And Theory to Practice does translate:
Not her own Art to serve the World;
But that she's a true Virtue's Girl.

SOME
VERSES

Yet does not Virtue from her Duty flow
But the good, because she will be so:

Written in *Septemb. 1676.*

Her Virtue forms a new Pitch to rise
Tis a Vice to be above the Vice

Preferring a Book to GOSMELLA

By fact for Reason's sake above content,
Tis a Vice to be above the Vice

GO, humble Gift, go to that matchless Saint;
Of whom thou only wast a Copy, saint
And all that's read in thee, more richly find
Compriz'd in the fair Volume of her mind;
That living System, where are fully writ
All those high Morals, which in Books we meet:
Easie, as in soft Air, there writ they are,
Yet firm, as if in Brass they graven were.

Nor is her Talent lazily to know

As dull Divines, and holy Canters do;

She acts what they only in Pulpits prate,

And Theory to Practice does translate:

Not her own Actions more obey her Will,

Than that obeys strict Virtues dictates still:

Yet does not Virtue from her Duty flow,

But she is good, because she will be so:

Her Virtue scorns at a low pitch to lie,

Tis all free Choice, nought of Necessity:

By such soft Rules are Saints above confin'd,

Such is the Tie, which them to Good does bind.

The scatter'd Glories of her happy Sex

In her bright Soul as in their Center mix:

And all that they possess but by Retail,

She hers by just Monopoly can call:

Whose sole Example does more Virtues shew,

Than Schoolmen ever taught, or ever knew,

No Act did e'er within her Practice fall,

Which for th' atonement of a Blush could call:

No

No word of hers engaged my ear,
 But what a Saint her last gasp might bear:
 Scarcely her Thoughts have ever sullied been
 With the least print, or stain of native Sin;
 Devout she is, as holy Hermits are,
 Who share their time 'twixt Ecstasie, and Prayer:
 Modest, as Infant Roses in their Bloom,
 Who in a Blush their fragrant Lives consume:
 So chaste, the Dead themselves are only more,
 Who lie divorc'd from Objects, and from Power;
 So pure, could Virtue in a shape appear,
 'Twould chuse to have no other Form, but Her:
U So much a Saint, I Scarce dare call her so,
 For fear to wrong her with a name too low:
 Such the Seraphick Brightness of her mind,
 I hardly can believe her Womankind:
 But think some nobler Being does appear,
 Which to instruct the World, has left the
 Sphere,
 And condescends to wear a Body here.

Or, if the mortal be, and mean to show
 The greater Art by being form'd below;
 Sure Heaven prefer'd her by the Fall in court,
 To tell how good the Seal was made at first.

Devout she is, as holy Hermits are,
 Who share their time with Fasting and Prayer;
 Model, as instant Rites in their Bloom,
 Who in a Blush their fragrant Lives continue;
 So chaste the Dead themselves are only more;
 Who lie divorc'd from Objects and from Power;
 So pure, could Virtue in a shape appear,
 'T would think to have no other Form, but Her:

THE

So much as I should I should dare call her so,
 For fear to wrong her with a name too low;
 Such the Seraphic brightness of her mind,
 I hardly can believe her Woman-kind:

But think the cooler being does appear,
 Which retains the World, but not the Fire;
 And coldness to warm a body here.

THE
PARTING.

TOO happy had I been indeed, if Fate
Had made it lasting, as she made it great;
But 'twas the Plot of unkind Destiny,
To lift me to, then snatch me from my Joy:
She rais'd my Hopes, and brought them just in
view,
And then in spite the cleansing Scene with
drew,
So He of old the promis'd Land survey'd,
Which he might only see, but never tread:
So Heav'n was by that damned *Castiff* Teen,
He saw't but with a mighty Gulf between,
He saw't to be more wretched, and despair a-
gen :

Not

Not Souls of dying Sinners, when they go,

Affur'd of endless Miseries below,

Their Bodies more unwillingly desert,

Than I from you, and all my Joys did part.

As some young Merchant, whom his Sweet-
kind

Religins to every faithless Wave, and Wind ;

If the kind Mistris of his Vows appear,

And come to bless his Voyage with a Prayer,

Such sighs he vents as may the Gale increale,

Such Floods of Tears as may the Billows raise:

And when at length the launching Vessel flies,

And severs first his Lips, and then his Eyes ;

Long he looks back to see what he adores,

And, while he may, views the beloved Shores.

Such just concerns I at your Parting had,

With such sad Eyes your turning Face survey'd:

Reviewing, they pursu'd you out of sight,

Then sought to trace you by left Tracks of
Light.

And

And when they could not Looks to you convey,

Tow'rd's the lov'd Place they took delight to stray,

And aim'd uncertain Glances still that way.

ABSENCE.

TEN days (if I forget not) wasted are
(A year in my Lover's Calendar)

Since I was forc'd to part, and bid adieu

To all my joy, and happiness in you:

Complaining Hindrance am detain'd,

Which me at first from your lov'd sight con-

Off I resolve to meet my Bills, and then

My Tether rope, and pull me back again:

~~So, when our parted Thoughts to Heav'n aspire,~~

Each kisses them, and chokes the good desire.

Curs'd on that Man, who has not first design'd,

And by a cruel'd advice-born Lover's mind!

A curse

And when they could not look to you con-

For the joy & bliss they took delight to

And since they could not look to you con-

Complaining of

ABSENCE.

TEN days (if I forget not) wasted are
(A year in any Lover's Calendar)

Since I was forc'd to part, and bid adieu

To all my Joy, and Happiness in you:

And still by the same Hindrance am detain'd,

Which me at first from your lov'd Sight constrain'd:

Oft I resolve to meet my Bliss, and then

My Tether stops, and pulls me back agen:

So, when our rais'd Thoughts to Heav'n aspire,

Earth stifles them, and choaks the good desire.

Curse on that Man, who Bus'ness first design'd,

And by't enthrall'd a free-born Lover's mind!

A curse

A curse on Fate, who thus subjected me,
And made me slave to any thing but thee!
Lovers should be as unconfin'd as Air,
Free as its wild Inhabitants from Care:
So free those happy Lovers are above,
Exempt from all concerns but those of Love:
But I, poor Lover militant below,
The Cares, and Troubles of dull Life must know;
Must toil for that, which does on others wait,
And undergo the drudgery of Fate:
Yet I'll no more to her a Vassal be,
Thou now shalt make, and rule my Destiny:
Hence troublesome Fatigues! all Bus'ness hence,
This very hour my Freedom shall commence:
Too long that Jilt has thy proud Rival been,
And made me by neglectful Absence sin;
But I'll no more obey its Tyranny,
Nor that, nor Fate it self shall hinder me,
Henceforth from seeing, and enjoying thee.

Promising

~~A curse on him, who thus subjected me~~
 And made me have to say thing but thee!

Promising a

VISIT.

Sooner may Art, and easier far divide
 The soft embracing waters of the Tide

Which with united Friendship still rejoyn,
 Than part my Eyes, my Arms, or Lips from
 thine:

Sooner it may Time's headlong motion force,
 In which it marches with unalter'd course,
 Or sever this from the succeeding Day,

Than from thy happy Presence force my stay.
 Not the touch'd Needle (emblem of my Soul)

With greater Reverence trembles to its Pole,
 Nor Flames with surer instinct upwards go,
 Than mine, and all their motives tend to you.

promising

Fly

Fly swift, ye minutes, and contract the space
Of Time, which holds me from her dear Em-
brace:

When I am there I'll bid you kindly stay,

I'll bid you rest, and never glide away.

Thither when Business gives me a release

To lose my Cares in soft, and gentle Ease,

I'll come, and all arrears of Kindness pay,

And live o'er my whole Absence in one day.

Not Souls, releas'd from human Bodies, move

With quicker haste to meet their Bliss above;

Than I, when freed from Clogs, that bind me
now,

Eager to seize my Happiness, will go.

Should a fierce Angel arm'd with Thunder stand,

And threaten Vengeance with his brandish'd
hand,

To stop the entrance to my Paradise;

I'll venture, and his slighted Bolts despise.

Swift as the wings of Fear, shall be my Love,

And me to her with equal speed remove.

Swift, as the motions of the Eye, or Mind,

I'll thither fly, and leave slow Thought behind.

THE

THE CARELESS

Good Fellow.

Written March 9. 1680.

S O N G.

I.

A Pox of this fooling, and plotting of late,
What a pother, and stir has it kept in
the State?

Let the Rabble run mad with Suspitions, and
Fears,

Let them scuffle, and jar, till they go by the ears;

Their Grievances never shall trouble my pate,

So I can enjoy my dear Bottle at quiet.

II. What

.VII.

What Coxcombs were those, who would barter
their ease

And their Necks for a Toy, a thin Wafer and
Masse?

At old *Tyburn* they never had needed to swing,
Had they been but true Subjects to Drink, and
their King;

A Friend, and a Bottle is all my design;

He has no room for Treason, that's top-full of
Wine.

III.

I mind not the Members and makers of Laws,
Let them sit or Prorogue, as his Majesty please:

Let them damn us to Woollen, I'll never repine

At my Lodging, when dead, so alive I have
Wine:

Yet oft in my Drink I can hardly forbear

To curse them for making my Claret so dear.

IV.

I mind not grave Asses, who idly debate
 About Right and Succession, the trifles of State;
 We've a good King already: and he deserves
 laughter
 That will trouble his head with who shall come
 after:

Come, here's to his Health, and I wish he
 may be
 As free from all Care, and all Trouble, as we.

V.

What care I how Leagues with the *Hollander* go?
 Or Intrigues betwixt *Sidney*, and *Monfieur*
D'Avaux?
 What concerns it my Drinking, if *Casel* be sold,
 If the Conqueror take it by Storming, or Gold?
 Good *Bordeaux* alone is the place that I mind,
 And when the Fleet's coming, I pray for a
 Wind.

VI.

VI.

The Bully of *France*, that aspires to Renown
By dull cutting of Throats, and vent'ring his
own;

Let him fight and be damn'd, and make Matches
and Treat,

To afford the News-mongers, and Coffee-house
Char:

He's but a brave wretch, while I am more free,
More safe, and a thousand times happier than
He.

VII.

Come He, or the Pope, or the Devil to boot,

Or come Faggot, and Stake; I care not a Groat;

Never think that in *Smithfield* I Porters will heat:

No, I swear, Mr. *Fox*, pray excuse me for that.

I'll drink in defiance of Gibber, and Halter,

This is the Profession, that never will alter.

A SATYR.

*The Person of Spencer is brought in,
Dissuading the Author from the
Study of POETRY, and shewing
how little it is esteem'd and encour-
ag'd in this present Age.*

ONE night, as I was pondering of late
On all the mis'ries of my hapless Fate,
Cursing my rhiming Stars, raving in vain
At all the Pow'rs, which over Poets reign:
In came a ghastly Shape, all pale, and thin,
As some poor Sinner, who by Priest had been
Under a long Lent's Penance, starv'd, and whip'd,
Or par-boil'd Lecher, late from Hot-house crept:
Famish'd

Famish'd his Looks appear'd, his Eyes sunk in,
 Like Morning Gown about him hung his Skin;
 A Wreath of Lawrel on his Head he wore,
 A Book, inscrib'd the *Fairy Queen*, he bore.

By this I knew him, rose, and bow'd, and said,
Hail reverend Ghost! all hail most sacred Shade!

Why this great Visit? why perch'd to me,
The meanest of thy Brittish Progeny?

Com'st thou in my uncall'd, unhallow'd Muse,
Some of thy mighty Spirit to infuse;

If so; lay on thy Hands, ordain me fit
For the high Cure, and Ministry of Wit:

Let me (I beg) thy great Instructions claim,
Teach me to tread the Glorious paths of Fame.

Teach me (for none does better know than thou)
How like thy self, I may immortal grow.

Thus did I speak, and spoke it in a strain,
 Above my common rate, and usual vein;
 As if inspir'd by presence of the Bard,
 Who with a Frown thus to reply was heard,

In stile of Satyr, such wherein of old
He the fam'd Tale of *Mother Hubbard* told.

I come, fond Idiot, ere it be too late,
Kindly to warn thee of thy wretched Fate;
Take heed betimes, repent, and learn of me
To shun the dang'rous Rocks of Poetry:
Had I the choice of Flesh and Blood again,
To act once more in Life's tumultuous Scene;
I'd be a Porter, or a Scavenger,

A Groom, or anything, but Poet here:
Hast thou observ'd some Hawker of the Town,
Who thro the Streets with dismal Scream and
Tone,

Cries Matches, Small coal, Brooms, Old Shooes
and Boots,
Socks, Sermons, Ballads, Lies, Gazetts, and
Votes?

So unrecorded to the Grave I'd go,
And nothing but the Register tell, who:
Rather that poor unheard-of Wretch I'd be,
Than the most glorious Name in Poetry,
With all its boasted Immortality:

Rather

Rather than He, who sung on *Phrygia's* Shore,
 The *Grecian* Bullies fighting for a Whore:
 Or He of *Thebes*, whom Fame so much extols
 For praising Jockies, and *New-market* Fools.

So many now, and bad the Scriblers be,
 'Tis scandal to be of the Company:

The foul Deface is so prevailing grown,
 So much the Fashion of the Court and Town,
 That scarce a man well-bred, in either's deem'd;
 But who has kill'd, been often clapt, and oft has
 rhim'd:

The Fools are troubled with a Flux of Brains,
 And each on Paper squirts his filthy sense:

A leash of Sonnets, and a dull Lampoon
 Set up an Author, who forthwith is grown
 A man of Parts, of Rhiming, and Renown:
 Ev'n that vile *Wretch*, who in lewd Verse each
 year

Describes the Pageants, and my good *Lord May'r*,
 Whose Works must serve the next Election day
 For making Squibs, and under Pies to lay,

Yet counts himself of the inspired Train,
 And dares in thought the sacred name profane,
*But is it nought (thou'lt say) in Front to stand,
 With Lawrel crown'd by White, or Loggan's hand?*
*Is it not great, and glorious to be known,
 Mark'd out, and gaz'd at thro' the wond'ring
 Town.*

By All the Rabble passing up and down?
 So Oats and Bedloe have been pointed at,
 And every busie Coxcomb of the State:

The Meanest Felons who thro' Halborn go,
 More eyes, and looks then twenty Poets draw;
 If this be all, go, have thy posted Name
 Fix'd up with Bills of Quack, and publick Sham;
 To be the stop of gaping Prentices,
 And read by reeling Drunkards, when they piss;
 Or else to lie expos'd on trading Stall,
 While the bilk'd Owner hires Gazetts to tell,
 'Mongst Spaniels lost, that Author does not
 sell.

Perhaps

Perhaps, fond Fool, thou sooth'st thy self in
 dream,
 With hopes of purchasing a lasting Name?
 Thou think'st perhaps thy Trifles shall remain,
 Like sacred Cowley, and immortal Ben?
 But who of all the bold Adventurers,
 Who now drive on the trade of Fame in Vessel
 Can be enfor'd in this unfaithful Sex,
 Where there so many lost and shipwreck'd be?
 How many Poems writ in ancient time,
 Which thy Fore-fathers had in great esteem,
 Which in the crowded Shops bore any rate,
 And sold like News-Books, and Affairs of State,
 Have grown contemptible, and slighted since,
 As *Pordage*, *Fleekno*, or the *British Prince*?
Quarles, *Chapman*, *Heywood*, *Withers* had applause,
 And *Wilde*, and *Ogilby* in former days;
 But now are damn'd to wrapping Drugs, and
 Wares,
 And curst by all their broken Stationers;

And

And so may'st thou perchance pass up and
 down,
 And please a while a Court, and
 Town,
 Who after shalt in *Duck-lane* Shops be thrown,
 To mould with *Silvester*, and *Shirley* there,
 And truck for pots of Ale next *Stourbridg* Fair,
 Then who'll not laugh to see th'immortal Name
 To vile *Mundungus* made a Martyr flame?
 And all thy deathless Monuments of Wit,
 Wipe Porters Tails, or mount in Paper-Kite?
 But, grant thy Poetry should find success,
 And (which is rare) the squeamish Criticks
 please;
 Admit, it read, and prais'd, and courted be
 By this nice Age, and all Posterity;
 If thou expectest ought but empty Fame;
 Condemn thy Hopes, and Labors to the Flame:
 The rich have now learn'd only to admire,
 He, who to greater Favours does aspire,
 Is mercenary thought, and writes to hire:
 Would'st thou to raise thine, and thy Countries
 Fame,

Chuse some old *English* Hero for thy Theme,

Bold

Bold *Arthur*, or great *Edmund's* greater Son, A
 Or our fifth *Harry*, matchless in Renown,
 Make *Agincourt*, and *Cressy* Fields outvie
 The fam'd *Lavinian* Shores, and Walls of *Troy*;
 What *Scipio*, what *Masena* would'st thou find,
 What *Sidney* now to thy great Project kind?
 Bless me! how great his Genius, how each Line
 Is big with Sense, how glorious a Design
 Does thro' the whole, and each proportion shine!
 How lofty all his Thoughts, and how inspir'd
 Pity, such wondrous Thoughts are not preferr'd:
 Cries a gay wealthy Sot, who would not bail
 For bare five Pounds the Author out of Jail,
 Should he starve there, and rot; who if a Brief
 Came out the needy Poets to relieve,
 To the whole Tribe would scarce a Tester
 give.
 But fifty Guinies for a Whore and Clap!
 The Peer's well us'd, and comes off wond'rous
 cheap:

A Poet

A Poet would be dear, and out o'th way,
 Should he expect above a Coach-mans pay:
 For this will any dedicate, and lye,
 And dawb the gawdy Afs with Flattery
 For this will any prostitute his Sense
 To Coxcombs void of Bounty as of Brains
 Yet such is the hard Fate of Writers now,
 They're forc'd for Alms to each great name to
 bow:
 Pawn, like her Lap-dog, on her tawdry Grace,
 Commend her Beauty, and bely her Glass,
 By which she every morning primes her Face:
 Sheak to his Honour, call him Witty, Brave,
 And Just, tho a known Coward, Fool, or Knave,
 And praise his Linage, and Nobility,
 Whose Arms at first came from the Company.
 'Tis so, 'twas ever so, since heretofore
 The blind old *Bard*, with Dog and Bell before,
 Was fain to sing for Bread from door to door:

The needy Muses all turn'd Gippies then,
 And of the begging Trade e'er since have been :
 Should mighty *Sappho* in these days revive,
 And hope upon her stock of Wit to live ;
 She must to *Creswel's* trudg to mend her Gains,
 And let her Tail to hire, as well as Brains.
 What Poet ever fin'd for Sheriff? or who
 By Wit and Sense did ever Lord Mayors glow?

My own hard Usage here I need not press,
 Where you have every day before your face
 Plenty of fresh resembling Instances :
 Great *Cowley's* Muse the same ill Treatment
 had,
 Whose Verse shall live for ever to upbraid
 Th' ungrateful World, that left such Worth
 unpaid.

Waller himself may thank Inheritance
 For what he else had never got by Sense.
 On *Butler* who can without just Rage,
 The Glory, and the Scandal of the Age?

Fair

Fair stood his hopes, when first he came to
Town,

Met every where with welcomes of Renown,
Court'd, and lov'd by all, with wonder read,
And promises of Princely Favour fed :

But what Reward for all had he at last,
After a Life in dull expectance pass'd ?

The Wretch at summing up his mis-spent days
Found nothing left, but Poverty, and Praise :

Of all his Gains by Verse he could not save

Enough to purchase Flannel, and a Grave :

Reduc'd to want, he in due time fell sick,

Was fain to die, and be interr'd on tick :

And well might bless the Fever that was sent,

To rid him hence, and his worse Fate prevent.

You've seen what fortune other Poets share ;

View next the Factors of the Theatre :

That constant Marr, which all the year does
hold,

Where Staple Wit is barter'd, bought, and sold ;

Here trading Scriblers for their Maintainance,

And Livelihood trust to a Lott'ry-chance :

But

But who his Parts would in the Service spend,
 Where all his hopes on vulgar Breath depend?
 Where every Sot, for paying half a Crown,
 Has the Prerogative to cry him down?

Sidley indeed may be content with Fame,
 Nor care should an ill judging Audience damp:
 But *Settle*, and the Rest, that write for Pence,
 Whose whole Estate's an ounce, on two of Brains,
 Should a thin House on the third day appear,
 Must starve, or live in Tatters all the year.

And what can we expect that's brave and great,
 From a poor needy Wretch, that writes to eat?

Who the success of the next Play must wait
 For Lodging, Food, and Cloaths, and whose
 chief care

Is how to sponge for the next Meal, and where?

Hadst thou of old in flourishing *Athens* liv'd,
 When all the learned Arts in Glory thriv'd,
 When mighty *Sophocles* the Stage did sway,

And Poets by the State were held in pay;

Twere

'Twere worth thy Pains to cultivate thy Muse,
 And daily wonders then it might produce;
 But who would now write Hackney to a Stage,
 That's only thought the Nuisance of the Age?
 Go after this, and beat thy wretched Brains,
 And toil to bring in thankless Ideots means:
 Turn o're dull *Horace*, and the Claffick Fools,
 To poach for Sense, and hunt for Idle Rules:
 Be free of Tickets, and the Play-houfes,
 To make some tawdry A&'refs there by Prize,
 And spend thy third Days gains, 'twixt her
 clap'd Thighs.

All Trades and all Professions here abound,
 And yet Encouragement for all is found:
 Here a vile Emp'rick, who by Licence kills,
 Whoevery week helps to increase the Bills,
 Wears Velvet, keeps his Coach, and Where be-
 side,
 For what less Villains must to *Tyburn* ride.
 There a dull trading Sot, in Wealth o'ergrown
 By thriving Knavery, can call his own

A dozen

A dozen Mannors, and if Fate still bless,

Expects as many Counties to possess.

Punks, Panders, Bawds, all their due Pensions
gain,

And every day the Great Mens Bounty drain:

Lavish expence on Wit, has never yet

Been tax'd amongst the Grievances of State.

The *Turky*, *Ginny*, *India* Gainers be,

And all but the Poetick Company:

Each place of Traffick, *Bantam*, *Smyrna*, *Zant*,

Greenland, *Virginia*, *Sevil*, *Alicant*,

And *France*, that sends us *Dildoes*, *Lace*, and
Wine,

Vast profit all, and large Returns bring in:

Parnassus only is that barren Coast,

Where the whole Voyage, and Adventure's lost.

Then be advis'd, the slighted Muse forsake,

And *Cook*, and *Dalton* for thy study take:

For Fees each Term sweat in the crowded Hall,

And there for Charters, and crack'd Titles bawl:

N

Where

Where *M—d* thrives, and pockets more each
year

Than forty Laureats of the Theater.

Or else to Orders, and the Church betake

Thy self, and that thy future Refuge make:

There fawn on some proud Patron to engage.

Th' Advowson of cast Punk, and Parsonage;

Or sooth the Court, and preach up Kingly
Right,

To gain a Prebend or a Miter by't.

In fine, turn Pettifogger, Canonist,

Civilian, Pedant, Mountebank, or Priest,

Soldier, or Merchant, Fidler, Painter, Fencer,

Jack-pudding, Juggler, Player, or Rope-dancer:

Preach, Plead, Cure, Fight, Game, Pimp, Beg,
Cheat, or Thieve;

Be all but Poet, and there's way to live.

But why do I in vain my Counsel spend
On one whom there's so little hope to mend?

Where I perhaps as fruitlessly exhort,

As Lenten Doctors, when they Preach at Court;

Not

Not enter'd Punks from Lust they once have
tried;

Not Fops, and Women from Conceit, and Pride,

Not Bawds from Impudence, Cowards from
Fear,

Nor fear'd unfeeling Sinners past Despair,

Are half so hard, and stubborn to reduce

As a poor Wretch, when once possess'd with
Muse :

If therefore, what I've said, cannot avail,

Nor from the Rhiming Folly thee recal,

But spight of all thou wilt be obstinate,

And run thy self upon avoidless Fate;

May'st thou go on unpittied, till thou be

Brought to the Parish, Bridg, and Beggery :

Till urg'd by want, like broken Scriblers,
thou

Turn Poet to a Booth, a *Smithfield* Show,

And write Heroick Verse for *Barthol mew*.

Then slighted by the very Nursery,

May'st thou at last be forc'd to starve, like me.

A

SATYR,

In Imitation of the Third of

JUVENAL.

Written, May, 1682.

*The Poet brings in a Friend of his giving
him an account why he removes from
London to live in the Country.*

TH O much concern'd to leave my dear
old Friend,
I must however his Design commend
Of fixing in the Country: for were I
As free to chuse my Residence, as he;

The

in Immitation of the [Third of Juvenal. 181

The *Peake*, the *Fens*, the *Hundreds*, or *Lands-end*,
I would prefer to *Fleetstreet*, or the *Strand*.

What place so defart, and so wild is there,
Whose Inconveniencies one would not bear,
Rather than the Alarms of midnight Fire,
The falls of Houses, Knavery of Cits,
The Plots of Factions, and the noise of Wits,
And thousand other plagues, which up and
down

Each day and hour infest the Curfed Town?

As Fate wou'd have't, on the appointed day
Of parting hence, I met him on the way,
Hard by *Mile end*, the place so fam'd of late,
In Prose, and Verse for the great *Factions Treat*;
Here we stood still, and after Complements
Of course, and wishing his good Journey hence,
I ask'd what sudden causes made him flie
The once lov'd Town, and his dear Company:
When, on the hated Prospect looking back,
Thus with just rage the good old *Timon* spake.

N 3

Since

Since Virtue here in no repute is had,
 Since Worth is scorn'd, Learning and Sense
 unpaid,
 And Knavery the only thriving Trade;
 Finding my slender Fortune every day
 Dwindle, and waft insensibly away,
 I, like a losing Gamester, thus retreat,
 To manage wiser my last stake of Fate:
 While I have strength, and want no staff to
 prop

My tottering Limbs, e'er Age has made me stoop
 Beneath its weight, e'er all my Thread be
 spun,
 And Life has yet in store some Sands to run,
 'Tis my resolve to quit the nauseous Town.

Let thriving *Morecraft* chuse his dwelling
 there,
 Rich with the Spoils of some young spend-thrift
 Heir:

Let the Plot-mongers stay behind, whose Art
 Can Truth to Sham, and Sham to Truth con-
 vert:

Who ever has an House to Build, or Set,
 His Wife, his Conscience, or his Oath to let:

Who

Who ever has, or hopes for Offices,
A Navy, Guard, or Custom-house's Place :
Let sharpening Courtiers stay, who there are great
By putting the false Dice on King, and State.
Where they, who once were Grooms and Foot-
boys known,
Are now to fair Estates, and Honours grown ;
Nor need we envy them, or wonder much
At their fantastick Greatness, since they're such,
Whom Fortune oft in her capricious freaks
Is pleas'd to raise from Kennels, and the Jakes,
To Wealth, and Dignity above the rest,
When she is frolick, and dispos'd to jest.

I live in *London* ? What should I do there ?
I cannot lye, nor flatter, nor forswear :
I can't commend a Book, or Piece of Wit,
(Tho a Lord were the Author) dully writ :
I'm no Sir *Sydrophel* to read the Stars,
And cast Nativities for longing Heirs,

When Fathers shall drop off: no *Gadbury*
 To tell the minute, when the King shall die,
 And you know what—come in: nor can I
 steer,
 And tack about my Conscience, whenso'er,
 To a new Point, I see Religion veer.

Let others pimp to Courtier's Lechery,
 I'll draw no City Cuckold's Curse on me:
 Nor would I do it, tho to be made great,
 And rais'd to be chief Minister of State.
 Therefore I think it fit to rid the Town
 Of one, that is an useless member grown.

Besides, who has pretence to Favour now,
 But he, who hidden Villany does know,
 Whose Breast does with some burning Secret
 glow?
 By none thou shalt pre-ferr'd, or valued be,
 That trusts thee with an honest Secresie:
 He only may to great Mens Friendship reach,
 Who Great Men, when he pleases, can impeach.

Let others thus aspire to Dignity;
For me, I'd not their envied Grandeur buy
For all th' *Exchange* is worth, that *Pauls* will cost,
Or was of late in the *Scotch* Voyage lost.

What would it boot, if I, to gain my end,
Forego my Quiet, and my ease of mind,
Still fear'd, at last betray'd by my great Friend:

Another Cause, which I must boldly own,
And not the least, for which I quit the Town,
Is to behold it made the Common-shore,
Where *France* does all her Filth, and Ordure
pour:

What Spark of true old *English* rage can bear
Those, who were Slaves at home, to Lord it
here?

We've all our Fashions, Language, Comple-
ments,

Our Musick, Dances, Curing, Cooking thence;
And we shall have their Pois'ning too ere long,
If still in the improvement we go on.

What would'st thou say, great *Harry*, should'st
thou view

Thy gawdy flutt'ring Race of *English* now,

Their

Their tawdry Cloaths, Pulvilio's, Essences,
 Their *Chedrons* Peruques, and those Vanities,
 Which thou, and they of old did so despise?
 What wouldst thou say to see th'infected Town
 With the fowl Spawn of foreigners o'er run?
 Hither from *Paris*, and all Parts they come,
 The Spue, and Vomit of their Goals at home;
 To Court they flock, and to *S. James* his Square,
 And wriggle into great Mens Service there:
 Foot-boys at first, till they, from wiping Shooes,
 Grow by degrees the Masters of the House:
 Ready of Wit, harden'd of Impudence,
 Able with ease to put down either *H*——
 Both the King's Player, and King's Evidence:
 Flippant of Talk, and voluble of Tongue,
 With words at will, no Lawyer better hung:
 Softer than flattering Court-Parasite,
 Or City-Trader, when he means to cheat,
 No Calling, or Profession comes amiss:
 A needy *Monsieur* can be what he please,

Groom,

in Imitation of the Third of Juvenal. 187

Groom, Page, Valet, Quack, Operator, Fencer,
Perfumer, Pimp, Jack-pudding, Juggler, Dancer:
Give but the word; the Cur will fetch and
bring,

Come over to the *Emperor*, or *King*:
Or, if you please, fly o'er the Pyramid,
Which ~~for~~ and the rest in vain have tried.

Can I have patience, and endure to see
The paltry Foreign Wretch take place of me,
Whom the same Wind, and Vessel brought a-
shore,

That brought prohibited Goods, and Dildoes o'er?
Then, pray, what mighty Priviledge is there
For me, that at my Birth drew *English* Air?
And where's the Benefit to have my Veins
Run *Brittish* Blood, if there's no difference
'Twixt me, and him, the Statute Freedom gave,
And made a Subject of a true-born Slave?

But nothing shocks, and is more loath'd by
me,
Than the vile Rascal's fulsome Flattery:
By help of this false Magnifying Glass,
A Louse, or Flea shall for a Camel pass:

Produce

Produce an hideous Wight, more ugly far
 Than those ill Shapes, which in old Hangings
 are,
 He'll make him strait a *Beau Garçon* appear :

Commend his Voice, and Singing, tho he bray
 Worfe than Sir *Martin Marr-all* in the Play :
 And if he Rhime ; shall praise for Standard Wit,
 More scurvy sense than *Pryn*, and *Vickers* Writ.

And here's the mischief, tho we say the same,
 He is believ'd, and we are thought to sham :

Do you but smile, immediately the Beast
 Laughs out aloud, tho he ne're heard the jest ;
 Pretend, you'r sad, he's presently in Tears,
 Yet grieves no more than Marble, when it wears
 Sorrow in Metaphor : but speak of Heat ;
 O God ! how sultry 'tis ! he'll cry, and swear
 In depth of Winter : strait, if you complain
 Of Cold ; the Weather-glass is sung again :
 Then he'll call for his Frize-Campaign, and
 swear,
 'Tis beyond *Eighty*, he's in *Greenland* here,

Thus

in Imitation of the Third of Juvenal. 189

Thus he shifts Scenes, and oft'ner in a day

Can change his Face, then Actors at a Play :

There's nought so mean, can 'scape the flatt'ring
Sot,

Not his Lord's Snuff box, nor his Powder-Spot :

If he but Spit, or pick his Teeth ; he'll cry,

How every thing becomes you ! let me die,

Your Lordship does it most judiciously :

And swear, 'tis fashionable, if he Sneeze,

Extremely taking, and it needs must please.

Besides, there's nothing sacred, nothing free

From the hot Satyr's rampant, Lechery :

Nor Wife, nor Virgin-Daughter can Escape,

Scarce thou thy self, or Son avoid a Rape :

All must go pad-lock'd : if nought else there be,

Suspect thy very Stables Chastity.

By this the Vermin into Secrets creep,

Thus Families in awe they strive to keep.

What

190 *What living for an English Man is there,*
Where such as these get head, and dominter,
Whose use and custom 'tis, never to share,

A Friend, but love to reign without dispute,
Without a Rival, full and absolute?
Soon as the Insect gets his *Honor's* ear,
And fly-blows some of's pois'nous malice there,
Strait I'm turn'd off, kick'd out of doors, dis-
carded,
And all my former Service disregarded.

But leaving these *Messieurs*, for fear that I
Be thought of the *Silk Weavers Mutiny*,
From the loath'd subject let us hasten on,
To mention other Grievances in Town:
And further, what Respect at all is had
Of poor men here? and how's there Service paid,
Tho they be ne'r so diligent to wait,
To sneak, and dance attendance on the Great?
No mark of Favour is to be obtain'd
By one, that sues, and brings an empty hand:

And

in Imitation of the Third of Juvenal. 191

And all his merit is but made a sport,

Unless he glut some Cormorant at Court,

'Tis now a common thing, and usual here,

To see the Son of some rich Usurer

Take place of Nobles, keep his first-rate Whore,

And for a Vaulting Bout, on two give store

Than a Guard-Captains Pay: mean while the
Breed

Of Peers, reduc'd to Poverty, and Need,

Are fain to trudge to the *Bath-side*, and there

Take up with Porters leavings, Suburb Ware,

There spend that Blood, which their great An-
cestor

So nobly shed as *Cressy* heretofore,

At Brothel Fights in some foul Common-
thore.

Produce an Evidence, tho just he be,

As righteous *Job*, or *Abraham*, or *He*,

Whom Heaven, when whole Nature shipwrack'd
was,

Thought worth the saving, of all human Race,

Or

Or *rother*, who the flaming Deluge scap'd;
When *Sodom's* Lechers Angels would have
rap'd;

How rich he is, must the first question be,

Next for his Manners, and Integrity:

They'll ask, *what Equipage he keeps*, and *what*

He's reckon'd worth in Money, and Estate,

Whether for Shriever he has been known to fine,

And with how many Dishes he does dine?

For look what *Cash* a person has in store,

Just so much Credit has he, and no more:

Should I upon a thousand Bibles Swear,

And call each Saint throughout the Calendar,

To vouch my Oath; it won't be taken here;

The poor slight Heav'n, and Thunderbolts (they
think)

And Heav'n it self does at such Trifles wink.

Besides, what store of gibing scoffs are thrown
On one, that's poor, and meanly clad in Town;
If his Apparel seem but overworn,
His Stockings out at heel, or Breeches torn?

One

One takes occasion his ript Shooe to flout,
And swears 'thas been at Prison grates hung out:
Another shrewdly jeers his coarse Crevat,
Because himself wears *Point*: a third his Hat,
And most unmercifully shews his Wit,
If it be old, or does not cock aright:
Nothing in Poverty so ill is born,
As its exposing men to grinning scorn,
To be by tawdry Coxcombs pis'd upon,
And made the jesting stock of each Buffon.

Turn out there, Friend! (cries one at Church) *the Pew*

Is not for such mean scoundrel Curs, as you:
'Tis for your Betters kept: Belike, some Sot,
That knew no Father, was on Bulks begot:
But now is rais'd to an Estate, and Pride,
By having the kind Proverb on his side:
Let *Gripe* and *Cheatwel* take their Places there,
And *Dasb* the Scriv'ners gawdy sparkish Heir,
That wears three ruin'd Orphans on his Back:
Mean while you in the Alley stand, and sneak:

O

And

And you therewith must rest contented, since
Almighty Wealth does put such difference.

What Citizen a Son-in-law will take,
Bred ne'er so well, that can'r a Joynter make?

What man of sense, that's poor, e'er summon'd is
Amongst the Common Council to advise?

At Vestry-Consults when does he appear,
For choosing of some Parish Officer,
Or making Leather Buckets for the Choire?

'Tis hard for any man to rise, that feels
His Virtue clog'd with Poverty at heels:

But harder 'tis by much in *London*, where
A sorry Lodging, coarse, and slender Fare,
Fire, Water, Breathing, every thing is dear:

Yet such as these an earthen Dish disdain,
With which their Ancestors, in *Edgar's* Reign,
Were serv'd, and thought it no disgrace to
dine,

Tho they were rich, had store of Leather Coin.

Low as their Fortune is, yet they despise

A man that walks the streets in homely Frize:

To And y

To speak the truth, great part of *England* now
In their own Cloth will scarce vouchsafe to go:
Only, the Statutes Penalty to save,
Some few perhaps wear Woollen in the Grave.
Hear all go daily drest, tho it be
Above their Means, their Rank, and Quality:
The most in borrow'd Gallantry are clad,
For which the Trademen's Books are still un-
paid:

This Fault is common in the meaner sort,
That they must needs affect to bear the Port
Of Gentlemen, tho they want Income for't.

Sir, to be short, in this expensive Town
There's nothing without Money to be done:

What will you give to be admitted there,
And brought to speech of some Court-Minister?
What will you give to have the quarter-face,
The squint and nodding go by of his *Grace*?

His Porter, Groom, and Steward must have
Fees,

And you may see the *Tombs*, and *Tow'r* for less:

Hard Fate of Suitors ! who must pay, and pray
To Livery Slaves, yet oft go scorn'd away.

Who e'er at *Barnet*, or *S. Albans* fears,
To have his Lodging drop about his ears,
Unless a sudden Hurricane befall,
Or such a wind as blew old *Noll* to Hell?
Here we build slight, what scarce out-lasts the
Lease,

Without the help of Props, and Buttresses:
And Houses now adays as much require
To be enfur'd from falling, as from Fire.
Their Buildings are substantial, tho less neat,
And kept with care both Wind, and Water-tight:
There you in safe security are blest,
And nought but Conscience, to disturb your
Rest.

I am for living where no Fires affright,
No Bells rung backward break my sleep at night:
I scarce lie down, and draw my Curtains here,
But strait I'm rous'd by the next House on Fire:
Pale, and half-dead with Fear, my self I raise,
And find my Room all over in a blaze;

By

By this 'thas seiz'd on the third Stairs, and I
Can now discern no other Remedy,
But leaping out at Window to get free:
For if the Mischief from the Cellar came,
Be sure the Garret is the last, takes flame.

The moveables of P——ge were a Bed
For him, and's Wife, a Piss-pot by its side,
A Looking-glass upon the Cupboards Head,
A Comb case, Candlestick, and Pewter-spoon,
For want of Plate, with Desk to write upon:
A Box without a Lid serv'd to contain
Few Authors, which made up his *Vatican*:
And there his own immortal Works were laid,
On which the barbarous Mice for hunger
prey'd:
P——had nothing, all the World does know;
And yet should he have lost this Nothing too,
No one the wretched Bard would have suppli'd
With Lodging, House-room, or a Crust of Bread.

But if the Fire burn down some Great Man's
House,

All strait are interess'd in the loss:

The Court is strait in Mourning sure enough,

The act, Commencement, and the Term put off:

Then we mischances of the Town lament,

And Fasts are kept, like Judgments to prevent.

Out comes a Brief immediately, with speed

To gather Charity as far as *Tweed*.

Nay, while 'tis burning, some will send him in

Timber, and Stone to build his House again:

Others choice Furniture: here some rare piece

Of *Rubens*, or *Vandike* presented is:

There a rich Suit of *Moreelack*-Tapestry,

A Bed of Damask, or Embroidery:

One gives a fine Scritore, or Cabinet,

Another a huge massie Dish of Plate,

Or Bag of Gold: thus he at length gets more

By kind misfortune than he had before:

And

And all suspect it for a laid Design,
As if he did him self the Fire begin.
Could you but be advis'd to leave the Town,
And from dear Plays, and drinking Friends be
drawn,

An handsom Dwelling might be had in *Kent*,
Surry, or *Essex*, at a cheaper Rent
Than what you're forc'd to give for one half
year

To lie, like Lumber, in a Garret here:
A Garden there and well that needs no Rope,
Engin, or Pains to Crain its Waters up:
Water is there thro Natures Pipes convey'd,
For which no Custom, or Excise is paid:
Had I the smallest Spot of Ground, which scarce
Would Summer half a dozen Grasshoppers,
Not larger then my Grave, tho hence remote,
Far as *S. Michaels Mount*, I would go to't,
Dwell there content and thank the Fates to
boot.

Here want of Rest a nights more People
kills
Than all the College, and the weekly Bills:

Where none have privilege to sleep, but those,
 Whose Purfes can compound for their Repose :
 In vain I go to Bed, or close my eyes,
 Methinks the place the middle Region is,
 Where I lie down in Storms, in Thunder rise :
 The restless Bells such Din in Steeples keep,
 That scarce the Dead can in their Church-yards
 sleep :

Huzza's of Drunkards, Bell-mens midnight
 Rhimes,

The noise of Shops, with Hawkers early
 Screams,

Besides the Brawls of Coach-men, when they
 meet,

And stop in turnings of a narrow Street,
 Such a lowd medly of confusion make,
 As drowsie A—r on the Bench would wake.

If you walk out in Bus'ness ne'er so great,
 Ten thousand stops you must expect to meet :
 Thick crowds in every place you must charge
 thro,

And storm your Passage, wherefoe'er you go :
 While Tides of Followers behind you throng,
 And, pressing on your heels, shove you along :

One

in Imitation of the Third of Juvenal. 201

One with a Board, or Rafter hits your Head,
Another with his Elbow bores your side;
Some tread upon your Corns, perhaps in sport,
Mean while your Legs are cas'd all o'er with
Dirt.

Here you the March of a slow Funeral wait,
Advancing to the Church with solemn State:
There a Sedan, and Lacquies stop your way,
That bears some Punk of Honor to the Play:
Now you some mighty piece of Timber meet,
Which tott'ring threatens ruin to the Street:
Next a huge *Portland* Stone, for building *Pavls*,
It self almost a Rock, on Carriage rows
Which, if it fall, would cause a Massacre,
And serve at once to murder, and interr.

If what I've said can't from the Town affright,
Consider other dangers of the Night:
When Brickbats are from upper Stories thrown,
And emptied Chamber-pots come pouring down
From Garret Windows: you have cause to bless
The gentle Stars, if you come off with Piss:

So

So many Fates attend, a man had need,
Ne'er walk without a Surgeon by his side:
And he can hardly now discreet be thought,
That does not make his Will, ere he go out.

If this you 'scape, twenty to one, you meet
Some of the drunken Scowerers of the Street,
Flush'd with success of warlike Deeds per-
form'd,

Of Constables subdu'd, and Brothels storm'd:
These, if a Quarrel, or a Fray be mist,

Are ill at ease a nights, and want their Rest.
For mischief is a Lechery to some,

And serves to make them sleep like *Laudanum*.

Yet heated, as they are, with Youth, and Wine,

If they discern a train of Flamboes shine,

• If a Great Man with his gilt Coach appear,

And a strong Guard of Foot-boys in the rere,

**The Rascals Sneak, and Shrink their Heads
for fear.**

Poor me, who use no Light to walk about,
Say what the Praise, or the Skies hang out,

They

They value not: 'tis worth your while to hear
The scuffle, if that be a scuffle, where
Another gives the Blows, I only bear:
He bids me stand: of force I must give way,
For 'twere a senseless thing to disobey,
And struggle here, where I'd as good oppose
My self to P——and his Mastiffs loose.
Who's there? he cries, and takes you by the
Throat,
*Dog! are you dumb? Speak quickly, else my Feet
Shall march about your Buttocks: whence d'ye come,
From what bulk-riden Strumpet reeking hame?
Saving your reverend Pimpship, where d'ye ply?
How may one have a Job of Lechery?*
If you say any thing, or hold your peace,
And silently go off; 'tis all a case:
Still he lays on: nay well, if you scape so:
Perhaps he'll clap an Action on you too
Of Battery, nor need he fear to meet
A Jury to his turn, shall do him right,

And

And bring him in large Damage for a Shooe
 Worn out, besides the pains, in kicking you.
 A Poor Man must expect nought of redress,
 But Patience: his best in such a case
 Is to be thankful for the Drubs, and beg
 That they would mercifully spare one leg,
 Or Arm unbroke, and let him go away
 With Teeth enough to eat his Meat next day.

Nor is this all, which you have cause to fear,
 Oft we encounter midnight Padders here:
 When the *Exchanges*, and the Shops are close,
 And the rich Tradesman in his Counting-
 house
 To view the Profits of the day withdraws.
 Hither in flocks from *Shooters-Hill* they come,
 To seek their Prize, and Booty nearer home:
Your Purse! they cry; 'tis madness to resist,
 Or strive, with a cock'd Pistol at your Breast:
 And these each day so strong and numerous
 grow,
 The Town can scarce afford them Jail-room
 now.

Happy

Happy the times of the old *Heptarchy*,

Ere *London* knew so much of Villany:

Then fatal Carts thro *Holborn* seldom went,

And *Tyburn* with few Pilgrims was content:

A less, and single Prison then would do,

And serv'd the City, and the Country too.

These are the Reasons, Sir, which drive me
hence,

To which I might add more, would Time dis-
pense,

To hold you longer; but the Sun draws low,

The Coach is hard at hand, and I must go:

Therefore, dear Sir, farewell; and when the Town

From better Company can spare you down,

To make the Country with your Presence blest,

And visit your old Friend amongst the rest:

There I'll find leisure to unlace my mind

Of what Remarques I now must leave behind:

The Fruits of dear Experience, which with these

Improv'd will serve for hints, and notices;

And when you write again, may be of use

To furnish Satyr for your daring Muse.

Dithyrambick.

The Drunkards Speech in a Mask.

Written in Aug. 1677.

Our Artifice is all in Vain.

I.

YES, you are mighty wise, I warrant
mighty wife!

With all your godly Tricks, and Artifice,
Who think to chouse me of my dear and pleasant
Vice.

Hence holy Sham! in vain your fruitless Toil:

Go, and some unexperienc'd Fop beguile,

To

To some raw ent'ring Sinner cant, and whine,
Who never knew the worth of Drunkenness
and Wine.

I've tried, and prov'd, and found it all Divine:
It is resolv'd, I will drink on, and die,
I'll not one minute lose, not I,
To here your troublesome Divinity.

Fill me a top full Glas, I'll drink it on the Knee,
Confusion to the next that spoils good Company.

II.

That Gulp was worth a Soul, like it, it went,
And thorowout new Life, and Vigor sent:
I feel it warm at once my Head, and Heart,
I feel it all in all, and all in every part.

Let the vile Slaves of Business toil, and strive,
Who want the Leisure, or the Wit to live;
While we Life's tedious journey shorter make,
And reap those Joys which they lack fence to
take.

Thus

Thus live the Gods; if ought above our selves
there be)

They live so happy, unconcern'd, and free :

Like us they sit, and with a careless Brow

Laugh at the petty Jars of Human kind below :

Like us they spend there Age in gentle Ease,

Like us they drink; for what were all there Hea-
v'n, alas!

If sober, and compell'd to want that Happiness.

III.

Assist almighty Wine, for thou alone hast Power,

And other I'll invoke no more,

Assist, while with just Praise I thee adore ;

Aided by thee, I dare thy worth rehearse,

In Fights above the common pitch of groveling
Verse.

Thou art the Worlds great Soul, that heav'n-
ly Fire,

Which dost our dull half-kindled mass inspire.

We nothing gallant, and above our selves pro-
duce,

Till thou do'st finish Man, and Reinsusc.

Thou

Thou art the only source of all, the world calls
great,

Thou didst the Poets first, and they the Gods
create:

To the their Rage, their Heat, their Flame
they owe,

Thou must half share with Art, and Nature
too.

They own their Glory, and Renown to thee;

Thou giv'st their Verse, and them Eternity.

Great *Alexander*, that big ft Word of Fame,

That fills her Throat, and almost rends the
fame,

Whose Valour found the World too strait a
Stage

For his wide Victories, and boundless Rage,

Got not Repute by War alone, but thee,

He knew, he ne'er could conquer by Sobriety,

And drunk as well as fought for universal Mo-
narchy.

IV.

Pox o'that lazy *Claret*! how it stays?

Were it again to pass the Seas;

I would fobner be in Cargo here,

'Tis now a long *East India* Voyege, half a year.

P

'Sdeath!

'Sdeath ! here's a minute lost, an Age, I mean,
 Slit by, and ne'er to be retriev'd again. 1
 For pity suffer not the precious Juice to die,
 Let us prevent our own, and its mortality :
 Like it, our Life with standing and Sobriety is
 pall'd,
 And like it too, when dead, can never be recall'd.

Push on the Glass, let it measure out each
 hour,
 For every Sand an Health let's pour :
 Swift as the Rowling Orbs above,
 And let it too as regularly move :
 Swift as Heav'n's drunken red-faced Traveller,
 the Sun,
 And never rest, till his last Race be done,
 Till time it self be all run out, and we,
 Have drunk our selves into Eternity.

V.

Six in a hand begin : we'll drink it twice apeece,
 A Health to all that love, and honor Vice.
 Six more as oft to the great Founder of the Vine.
 (A God he was, but fute, or should have been)
 The

The second Father of Mankind I meant,

He, when the angry Pow'rs a Deluge sent,

When for their Crimes our sinfull Race was
drown'd,

The only bold, and vent'rous man was found,

Who durst be drunk agen, and with new Vice
the World replant.

The mighty Patriarch 'twas of blessed Me-
mory,

Who scap'd in the great Wreck of all Mortality,

And stock'd the Globe afresh with a brave drink-
ing Progeny.

In vain would spightful Nature us reclaim,

Who to small Drink our *life* thought fit to
damn,

And set us out o'th reach of Wine,

In hope strait Bounds could our vast Thirst
confine,

He taught us first with Ships the Seas to roam,

Taught us from Forein Lands to fetch supply.

Rare Art! that makes all the wide World our
Home,

Makes every Realm pay Tribute to our Luxury.

VI.

Adieu poor tott'ring Reason! tumble down!
 This Glass shall all thy proud usurping Powers
 drown,
 And wit on thy cast Ruins shall erect her Throne:
 Adieu, thou fond Disturber of our Life!
 That check'st our Joys, with all our Pleasure
 art at strife:
 I've something brisker now to govern me,
 A more exalted noble Faculty,
 Above thy Logick, and vain boasted Pedantry.
 Inform me, if you can, ye reading Sots, what 'tis,
 That guides th'unerring Deities:
 They no base Reason to their Actions bring,
 But move by some more high, more heaven-
 ly thing,
 And are without Deliberation wise:
 Ev'n such is this, at least 'tis much the same,
 For which dull Schoolmen never yet could find
 a name,

Call

Call ye this madness? damn that sober Fool,

(’Twas sure some dull Philosopher, some rea-
soning Tool)

Who the reproachful Term did first devise,

And brought a scandal on the best of Vice.

Go, ask me, what’s the rage young Prophets feel,

When they with holy Frenzy reel:

Drunk with the Spirits of infus’d Divinity,

They rave, and stagger, and are mad, like me.

VII.

Oh, what an Ebb of Drink have we?

Bring, bring a Deluge, fill us up the Sea,

Let the vast Ocean be our mighty Cup;

We’ll drink’t, and all its Fishes too like Loaches
up.

Bid the *Canary* Fleet land here: we’ll pay

The Freight, and Custom too defray:

Set every man a Ship, and when the Store

Is emptied; let them strait dispatch, and Sail
for more:

’Tis

8f4 MISVANTAMBICK.

'Tis gone: and now have at the Rhine,

With all its petty Rivulets of Wine!

The Empire's Forces with the Spanish we'll com-
bine

We'll make their Drink too in confederacy joyn.

'Ware France the next: this Round Bordeaux
shall I swallow,

Champagne, Languon, and Burgundy shall follow.

Quick let's forestal Lorraine;

We'll starve his Army, all their Quarters drain,
And without Treaty put an end to the Cam-
paign.

Go, set the Universe a tilt, turn the Globe up,
Squeeze out the last, the flow unwilling Drop:
A pox of empty Nature! since the World's drawn
dry,

'Tis time we quit mortality,

'Tis time we now give out and die,

Left we are plagu'd with Dulness and Sobriety.

Beset with Link-boys, we'll in triumph go,
A Troop of stagg'ring Ghosts down to the
Shades below:

Drunk

Drunk we'll march off, and reel into the
Tomb,

Natures convenient dark Retiring-Room ;

And there, from Noise remov'd, and all tumultu-
ous strife,

Sleep out the dull Fatigue, and long Debauch of
Life.

[*Tries to go off, but tumbles down, and falls
asleep.*

FINIS.
